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BORN TO THE PURPLE.

CECIL is heir to a manor,
Talks as if heir to a throne;
Can his love of the sunlight be greater
Than mine who have little to own?

He has costly dresses and viands,
Beds of satin and down;
I dwell in a little chamber
In a quiet part of the town—

In a chamber facing the east,
With roses over its walls,
Where motionless birds are singing
To silent waterfalls.

He has beds of satin and down,
But is his sleep more sweet
Than mine, who lie with a quiet heart,
White-quilted from head to feet?

He walks within the shadow
Of old ancestral trees;
And whether in city or meadow,
Is haunted ever by these.

Heir of the sun and the breeze,
I wander forth at will,
Reading books in brooks,
Hearing songs in the rill.

On the sparkling sands of the sea,
Where blistered sea-weeds show,
Over loose shingle and rocks,
Worn with the ebb and the flow.

Pleasure upon my brow,
Fragments of verse on my lips,
I walk by the waves, and watch
The sails of passing ships.

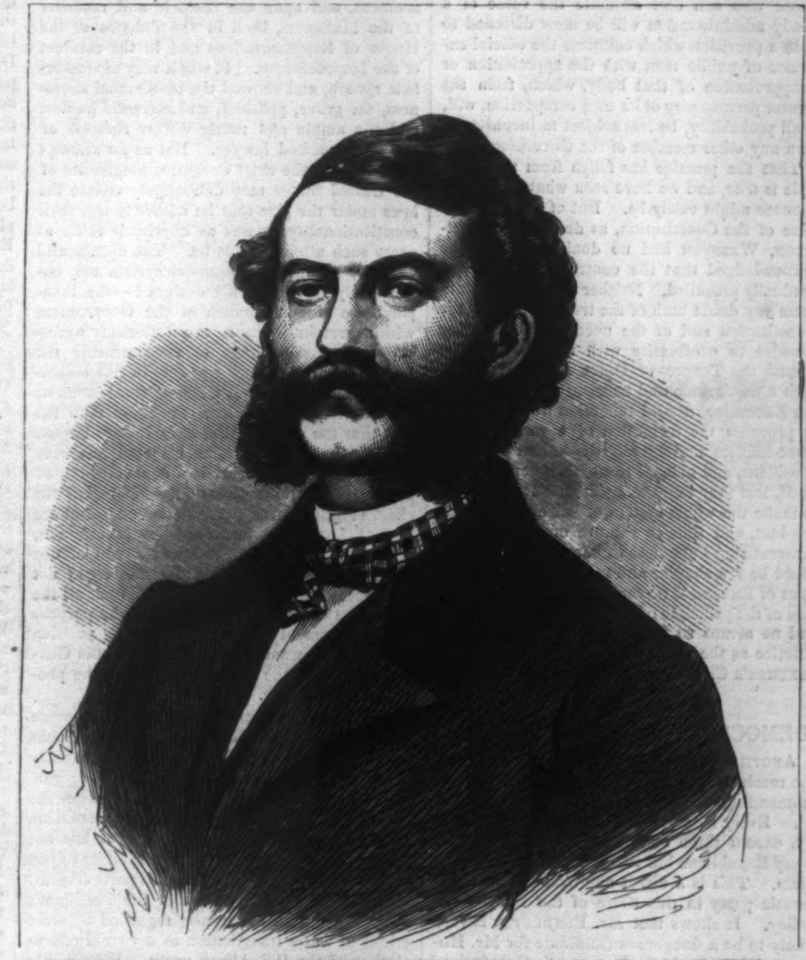
We are but pilgrims here,
Treading on paths well trod,
Closer we move each year
To the judgment-seat of God.

There is sorrow on angel brows,
When angels gaze from the skies
On acres purchased by fraud,
And lands acquired by lies.

Better a rood of land
By honest industry thine,
Than for half-a-thousand acres
To barter thy birth-right divine.

I am heir of the sun and the breeze,
Heir of all gardens and downs,
Though I have not a finger's breadth
Of land in country or towns.

Heir of the sun and the breeze,
The wealth of earth is mine,
Lilies and lakes, the song of birds,
And sweet smiles wherein all things shine.



MR. GEORGE F. SANDS, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOAG QUICK & CO.]

THE BASE-BALL PRESIDENT.

BASE-BALL has come to be of late years as much the national game of America as cricket is that of England; and the enthusiasm with which the young men of this country devote themselves to their game is even greater than that displayed by John Bull. In fact, this generally commendable enthusiasm threatened at one time to lead the participants into some excesses, and make what was really a fine athletic sport for gentlemen a gambling game, influenced, if not controlled by "sports." We had occasion last year to allude to some of the objectionable features which were creeping into the game; we are glad to find that the indications are that there will be less reason for such strictures in future. The Convention of Base-Ball Players which met at Philadelphia in December, 1867, had much to do with checking and correcting these evils.

That Convention, during its session in December last, chose as the President of the National Association of Base-Ball Players MR. GEORGE F. SANDS, whose portrait we give on this page. MR. SANDS was one of the representatives of the forty-two base-ball clubs of Ohio in the Convention, which, by-the-way, was composed of representatives from 500 different clubs in the country, thus showing that, as each club *must* have at least 20 members, there were not less than 10,000 young men engaged in playing the game during the year 1867. The *American Chronicle*, which is an authority among base-ball players, and which is specially devoted to the advancement of physical education, has the following brief sketch of MR. SANDS:

"MR. SANDS has for years been prominently connected with the game in the West. Before the introduction of base-ball in Ohio, he was active in promoting the game of *town-ball*, not only as a player of the first class, but in every other way in which such sports can be made popular. The old Excelsior Town-Ball Club of ten years

"SEE-SAW"—AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE JUVENILES.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

ago, and lately the Buckeye Town-Ball Club, were noted organizations in their time, and each club owed a great part of its prominence to the influence and exertions of Mr. SANDS. He was the catcher in the latter Club in nearly all its noted match games. He has lately taken a prominent position in Ohio in advocating the interests of our national American game of base-ball. Although he has not as yet taken any rank as a player in base-ball, yet his opinions and judgment in regard to all the interests of the game are always sought and relied upon as correct. He has been the chief officer of the Buckeye Base-ball Club since its organization, and very much of the *morale* of this noted and active Club has been due to its president.

"Mr. SANDS has long been anxious to have an honorable *esprit du corps* existing among base-ball men generally. We know he has always been determined in his opposition to every species of betting or gambling as connected with the match contests of base-ball. We know that if his counsels should be generally heeded the noble game will not become prostituted, but will command the patronage and support of the moral and educated classes of the community.

"Mr. SANDS is about thirty years of age, of pleasing address, and in every way well fitted to fill the position to which he has been chosen."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

IRRESPONSIBLE EXECUTIVE POWER.

THERE were two apprehensions in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 which time has shown to be wholly unfounded. One was of national centralization, the other of Congressional power. It was supposed that the National Government would annihilate all State authority, and that Congress would overawe the Executive. HAMILTON did not share these fears. In the *Federalist* he carefully pointed out the limitations upon authority, the checks and balances provided in the Constitution. Indeed, HAMILTON thought the danger was exactly upon the other side. He said privately to JOSIAH QUINCY that he supposed the Union would last about thirty or forty years only; because he thought its centrifugal force so much stronger than its centripetal. History has vindicated HAMILTON'S anticipations. The great menace of the Union and its final desperate peril came from State authority, and President JOHNSON, in assuming to settle the whole question of reconstruction, made the most flagrant and unprecedented usurpation of the unquestionable authority of Congress; and had he been as skillful as he was audacious, had he taken care to identify himself wholly with the Democratic party by giving to them the entire patronage of his office, his usurpation might have been successful, and the subordination of the legislative to the executive branch have been accomplished.

The difficulty between the branches of governments has almost always begun in the aggression of the Executive. The reasons are obvious. The Executive head, in other countries, has a traditional superiority, and is the object of a peculiar personal loyalty. In this country he is the commander of the forces and the source of immense patronage. He has every advantage for leadership, and he has no colleague to be jealous. If the prerogative claimed for the Executive office by the President's counsel before the Senate should be conceded, he absorbs the great power of the Government, is the judge of the Constitution, and his veto is absolute until removed by the Supreme Court. Nor is there any reason if he may disregard the legislative that he should not equally disregard the judicial department.

The duty of intelligent citizens in this country is to take care that the lessons of experience are not lost upon us. When the defects of our system become apparent, let them be remedied as soon as possible. For the folly of concealment and avoidance has been terribly illustrated. The point of national supremacy and State rights was purposely left obscure in the Constitution, and we have paid the penalty. The peculiar peril from the Executive has now been made evident; let us guard against it hereafter. The defection of ANDREW JOHNSON has shown us that a President who is false to the principles upon which he is elected may administer the Government against the will of the people, provided that he can count upon a minority of not less than a third in Congress. It is unwise to expose any man to so extraordinary a temptation.

The Tenure-of-Office bill, the violation of which occasioned the late Impeachment of the President, was an effort to diminish the Executive power, which by constant and unchallenged usurpation was becoming overshadowing. Secretary RANDALL, one of the President's most devoted adherents, openly spoke of the various offices as if they were the personal gifts of the President, and of the office-holders as if they were in honor bound to be his creatures. Mr. HAMLIN, in resigning the Collectorship in Boston, and Mr. DANA, in leaving the office of District Attorney, each seemed to feel that want of sympathy with the defection of the President obliged him to withdraw from his position. Thus the ill habit has grown of regarding all the national officers of every degree as mere satellites of the President; while the truth is, that, although appointed upon his nomination, they are as much servants of the people and officers of the Government as he. Yet nothing is a plainer and more necessary construction than that officers to whose appointment two powers are necessary can not, without especial provision, be removed without the consent of both. This is not only a necessary construction, but it is also contemporaneous.

In No. 76 of the *Federalist* it is stated, in speaking of appointment by the consent of the Senate, "The consent of that body would be necessary to displace as well as to appoint...... Where a man in any station had given satisfactory evidence of his fitness for it, a new President would be restrained from attempting a change in favor of a person more agreeable to him by the apprehension that a discountenance of the Senate might frustrate the attempt, and bring some degree of discredit upon himself. Those who can best estimate the value of a steady administration will be most disposed to prize a provision which connects the official existence of public men with the approbation or disapprobation of that body, which, from the greater permanency of its own compaction, will, in all probability, be less subject to inconstancy than any other member of the Government."

That the practice has fallen from this principle is true, and we have seen what the consequences might easily be. But of the true doctrine of the Constitution, as declared by HAMILTON, WEBSTER had no doubt, although he acknowledged that the contrary practice had gradually prevailed. Neither had the last Congress any doubt both of the true doctrine of the Constitution and of the necessity of restoring practice to conformity with it. It therefore passed the Tenure-of-Office Act. That it is both a wholesome and necessary restraint upon the Executive, candid reflection will assure us. It prevents the formation of a vast army of place-holders individually dependent upon the President, and obliged to sneeze when he takes snuff, lest they lose their offices. It tends also to make the whole system of offices more independent, and thus to remove one of the most demoralizing influences in our politics. There could be few simpler and more excellent reductions of Executive power than the strict application of the principle of the Tenure-of-Office Act, and no means so effective in purging political practice as the passage and enforcement of Mr. JENCKES'S Civil Service bill.

DEMOCRACY AND REPUDIATION.

ANOTHER sign of the times is the passage of the resolutions in the New York Assembly recommending that the Government bonds be taxed. Every member of the Democratic majority, except three or four, voted for them, and every Republican but two or three voted against them. This is a direct approval by the Democratic party in this State of the PENDLETON policy. It shows that Mr. PENDLETON is very likely to be a dangerous candidate for Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR in the Democratic Convention. We speak of Mr. SEYMOUR as a candidate although he has written two letters withdrawing his name. But as some of his own party papers treat Mr. SEYMOUR'S denial as Mr. Toots used to treat himself, as of no consequence, it may be assumed that his withdrawal is purely Pickwickian, and that Barkis will be found willin' if an importunate Convention insists. Indeed, one of the most gratifying spectacles that could be offered to the lovers of blushing sincerity in public life would be HORATIO SEYMOUR at Tammany Hall, on the 4th of July next, declaring, with his hand upon his heart, that he reluctantly yielded his most fervent and cherished desire of private life to the warm entreaty of friends whose wishes it was his duty to prefer to his own. But unless he takes great care he will be deprived of the opportunity. The Democratic party are very likely to demand a man of positive opinions—a war man or a peace man; a man like HANCOCK who fought, or a man like PENDLETON who denounced the war, and was a secessionist. But a mere trimmer, who has nothing to recommend him to either positive faction of his party except that he said he preferred the salvation of slavery to that of the Union—does not Mr. SEYMOUR think the chances of such a candidate at least doubtful?

This decided expression of opinion in favor of virtual repudiation by the Democratic majority of the New York Legislature, shows that the National Convention of the party will be irresistibly urged to declare itself in the same way. Crafty managers may try to avoid it, but the Convention will probably do in the matter of repudiation what that at Chicago in 1864 did in the matter of the war. Whatever might have been the wish of the managers, VALLANDIGHAM and the peace Copperheads had their way, and declared the war a failure. The Chicago platform of 1864 virtually demanded surrender to the rebellion; the New York platform of 1868 will virtually demand repudiation. The Chicago Convention put a soldier upon their peace platform. But even Mr. SEYMOUR could hardly accommodate himself to a platform of repudiation. The campaign against him would be fought by his latest Tweddle Hall speeches. And if he could be persuaded into the droll contest he would merely take his place by the side of M'CLELLAN.

Mr. PENDLETON comes into the Convention saying, "I openly opposed the war; you, my friends, opposed it secretly. I am perfectly willing to cast contempt upon the war-debt, by paying paper instead of gold. You can plead the letter of the law and go with me. As for Brother SEYMOUR, he is a fossil." And with their unerring instinct for the course which an honest and honorable people detest, the chance undoubtedly is, that the Democratic managers will acquiesce in the nomination of Mr. PENDLETON.

MR. EVARTS AND THE PARTY.

THE speech of Mr. EVARTS in the Impeachment trial was very long, and very ingeniously set forth his views upon the nature of the Government, and upon the rhetoric and manners of the Managers, both in the debates of the House of Representatives and in the conduct of the Impeachment. It was a very characteristic speech, and showed the intellectual acuteness, the grave, polished, and sarcastic humor, and the ample and rather diffuse rhetoric of the distinguished lawyer. But as an attempt to prove that the chief executive magistrate of the United States may deliberately violate the laws under the plea that he wishes to test their constitutionality, it was as hopelessly futile as every such attempt must be. The checks and balances of our constitutional system are undoubtedly very shrewdly designed—the independence of each branch of the Government within certain limits is unquestionably necessary—the disadvantage of concentrating the legislative and executive powers in one assembly is undeniable. But all these considerations are not clearer nor more conclusive than the fact that the claim of the President to impose his veto upon a law after his veto has been constitutionally set aside is a concentration of power in the Executive that deranges all the checks and balances, destroys the independence of the other chief branches of the Government, and subordinates Congress to the will of one man. A more intolerable doctrine could not be urged. We are quite willing to omit all the other late charges but this one for the purpose of the argument merely. For if the position that Mr. EVARTS assumed be correct, the Government is not the Government which the people believe it to be.

It is, however, unnecessary now to pursue that inquiry. We differ, and we have no doubt that the most thoughtful people in the country differ, from what may be called the theory of the Government necessarily resulting from the argument of Mr. EVARTS. The special occasion of his argument has passed. But it has not passed without some very severe strictures upon the course of Mr. EVARTS from his party friends. His consent to serve as one of the President's counsel has been apparently regarded by some critics of warm imagination as a virtual renunciation of the Republican party. Why, it has been asked, should a man oppose the President's political policy in October and then defend him from a charge of impeachment in the next April? But, we ask in turn, why shouldn't he? It is one of the most precious principles of enlightened civilization that no man shall be condemned without a fair hearing and trial. Let us look at this case. The President, a renegade to his party, is impeached. His counsel are all politically his friends. His judges are the Senate, politically his enemies. He asks one of the most distinguished lawyers in the country, politically opposed to him, to help his defense; and three considerations probably decided that lawyer to accept.

In the first place, as a lawyer he would not decline a call to secure a legitimate defense to a political foe charged with the gravest political offense any more than he would refuse to defend him from a charge of murder. His professional honor binds him. Not, indeed, to strain the law, nor to distort the fact, nor to special pleading, nor to any thing abnormal or unfair, but to a plain defense upon such grounds as the case may afford, in order that the forms of law, which are the safeguard of every citizen, be observed. If he goes beyond—if he commits himself to the political theories upon which the action has proceeded—he then, of course, becomes so far politically, and not only professionally, identified with his client. We say, so far as the special question is concerned. But it by no means follows that he has relinquished his political sympathies as to the proper general policy of the Government, which is the point of party separation. Very possibly Mr. EVARTS is of the opinion that impeachment was not tenable upon the grounds alleged. But that does not show that he approves of the President's theory of reconstruction, nor that he is opposed to the Congressional policy of equal rights as the basis of reconstruction. It merely shows, that in his judgment the President's removal of Mr. STANTON, although it may have been a foolish act, was not in law properly an impeachable offense. Such an opinion seems to us most erroneous and perilous in its tendency. But certainly a man may hold it and be just as good a Republican as General BUTLER.

In the second place, it is very conceivable that Mr. EVARTS thought it to be desirable, even in a party view, that not the most unimportant of the President's advisers, under the circumstances, should be of the Republican party. It preserved at least the air of impartiality. The Senate might well be supposed willing to hear with candor from a political friend the argument which it might naturally distrust in a political opponent. And in the third place, the very imaginable desire of an able lawyer, who felt his adequacy to the occasion, to be conspicuously associated with a most memorable and historic trial, may have had some influence in persuading Mr. EVARTS to appear for the President.

There is certainly nothing in the fact that a great lawyer consents to appear upon either side of a great case, always supposing a simple desire that there may be a fair hearing, and that justice may be done, which should subject him to censure. Further, in this particular instance a man may, upon the point in question, hold that the President's position is justifiable. Does he thereby show himself recreant to his political principles or to the party with which he acts? Not at all. Impeachment upon the grounds alleged has been indeed generally sustained by the sympathy and by the profound conviction of the dominant party, but it is not rightfully a party test. Sincerely as we have believed in its propriety and necessity, it is plainly not of a nature to be made a party test. Even if the constitutional removal of the President should have been made such, the particular occasion and the policy of any particular effort must necessarily be left open to individual judgment.

Nothing can be more fatal and sophistical and inconsistent than the tone of the New York *Tribune* upon this subject. During the delivery of the speech of Mr. EVARTS the *Tribune* argued with unusual heat and bitterness that the question was whether Mr. JOHNSON should not be removed for usurping the authority of Congress on reconstruction, and declared that any Senator who should vote for his acquittal would look for his future outside of the Republican party. Now, Mr. JOHNSON'S usurpations have been flagrant for two years and more; yet, down to the 22d of February, the *Tribune* was opposed to impeachment. The President's usurpation was no more evident in the violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act than it had been for a long time before; and whether that offense offered the occasion which should be improved for his constitutional removal was a question of expediency solely. Congress had no doubt of it. Most Republican journals had no doubt of it. We certainly had no doubt of it. But the *Tribune* had no more right to excommunicate Mr. EVARTS because he did not think impeachment expedient when the *Tribune* did, than General BUTLER and Mr. BOUTWELL had to excommunicate the *Tribune* because it did not think impeachment expedient when they did. Perhaps, however, the *Tribune* may see some reason for moderating its censure of Mr. EVARTS as a regenade Republican when it remembers that he at least appears for the Government against JEFFERSON DAVIS, and not as his counsel or bail.

A PUBLIC DISGRACE.

THE country is disgraced by the Alta Vela debate and the quarrel between Mr. DONNELLY and Mr. WASHBURNE in the House of Representatives; and every honorable man must wince as he reflects that a nation must fairly be judged by the representatives it elects. The offenders in both these shameful scenes were chiefly Republicans; but if they or their colleagues who sat by and apparently laughed, suppose that a party can be publicly disgraced by the conduct of some of its representatives without seriously suffering they are profoundly mistaken. In the days of slavery we used to hear of plantation manners in Congress. But nothing more pitiful than the ribaldry as reported, of which we speak, was ever known in any deliberative assembly.

In the Alta Vela discussion Mr. LOGAN spoke of Mr. JAMES BROOKS'S resolutions as "villainously attacking" character, when the Speaker called him to order. Again he declared that a gentleman had said something that was not true, and the gentleman knew it. Mr. LOGAN was again called to order, his words taken down, and they were declared unparliamentary by the Speaker. General BUTLER, in explaining his share in the affair, alluded to a suit against "a fellow by the name of BROOKS." "The two BROOKSES had robbed this CLARKE." But "the affair was nasty, and not so fertile as guano." He further said that he would rather have taken the issue with Judge BLACK in the Impeachment case "than with a pseudo-Republican who had been employed for that purpose;" and again alluded to Mr. EVARTS as a man who had stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. Mr. ELDREDGE refused to yield the floor to Mr. LOGAN, saying—according to the report—"the member can't be a gentleman and treat his political opponent with politeness and civility." Mr. LOGAN retorted,

"You can't expect any thing else from a blackguard, and I don't take that back." Mr. BROOKS said that "he never entered into discussion with such men as BUTLER and LOGAN." Mr. BUTLER asked Mr. BROOKS if he had not called him a gold-robber when he was in the service of his country. Mr. BROOKS answered that the gentleman would never forgive him because he was the means of extorting from him sixty thousand dollars that had been taken from certain citizens in New Orleans. Moreover, Mr. BUTLER had threatened him, and because the attention of the House had been drawn to the fact, had pursued him with a volley of abuse and vituperative language, which was fitter for Billingsgate and Newgate than for Massachusetts. The Speaker called Mr. BROOKS to order. He tried to excuse himself, and proceeded to deride Mr. BUTLER'S feats at Big Bethel and Fort Fisher, and spoke of "the beauty and booty (especially the booty) of New Orleans." Being reminded by the Speaker that all this had nothing to do with Alta Vela, Mr. BROOKS added, that when Mr. BUTLER returned to his home from the war "he was attacked by a common bricklayer for insulting his wife, and soundly thrashed."

The next day, under plea of making a personal explanation, Mr. IGNATIUS DONNELLY, of Minnesota, made a speech, ridiculing and vituperating Mr. E. B. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, in a strain quite unprecedented and unspeakably shameful. The House listened and laughed. The House sat quietly and heard one of its members speak of another, in an indescribable harangue, as follows:

"I stand here repeating the challenge that if any where on God's earth, down in the mire of filth and all nastiness, the gentleman can pluck up any thing which touches my honor, let it come; I shall meet it on its merits. I have gone through the entire catalogue; I have analyzed the entire contents of the gentleman's foul stomach; I have dipped my hands in its gall, and I have examined the half-digested fragments which I find floating in the gastric juice; but if it is possible for the gentleman from Illinois, by his peristaltic action, to bring up any thing more loathsome, more disgusting than he has vomited over me in that letter, in God's name let it come......If there be in our midst one low, sordid, vulgar soul, one barren of mediocre intelligence, one heart callous to every kindly sentiment and to every generous emotion, one tongue leprous with slander, one mouth which is like unto a den of foul beasts giving forth deadly odors; if there be here one character, which, while blotched and spotted, yet raves, and rants, and blackguards like a prostitute; if there be here one bold, bad, empty, bellowing demagogue, it is the gentleman from Illinois."

Speaker COLFAX, with a just respect for the honor of the House, which the House itself did not feel, stated in severe tones to Mr. DONNELLY that his remarks were not honorable to the House of Representatives, and that although the House tolerated them, the Chair could not consent that they should go upon the record except with this protest.

In reply Mr. WASHBURNE said:

"I desire only to say that if I, under any operation of circumstances, were ever called upon to make a personal explanation in reply to a member, it would not be to a member who had committed a crime; it would not be to a member who had run away; it would not be to a member who had changed his name; it would not be to a member whose whole record in this House is covered with venality, corruption, and crime."

The Speaker called him also to order.

But the most painful and mortifying part of the affair is that the House, a hundred and thirty members, it is reported, being present, not only suffered this outrage upon common decency to continue, but actually extended Mr. DONNELLY'S time in which to disgrace Congress and the country. It is incredible that such men as Mr. ELIOT, or Mr. DAWES, of Massachusetts, or Mr. M'CARTHY and others, of New York—indeed, scores of honorable gentlemen that we might name—could have been present and have refrained from protesting with indignation, in the name of the whole country, against such a gross insult to themselves and to their constituents. The damage which those who spoke and those who listened and cheered have done to their party and its cause is most serious. And, as the time approaches when nominations are to be made to the next Congress, let this shameful occurrence admonish us to select men who, among the other necessary qualifications, have enough self-respect neither to indulge in such conduct nor to applaud it.

UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN NEW YORK.

IN the Assembly of New York Mr. FLAGG, of Troy, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, recently introduced a "Charity bill," or a grant of money to various charitable institutions. Now State money given for charities, although the principle involved is denounced by many wise political thinkers, is generally given without grudging; and if Mr. FLAGG'S bill had been what it pretended to be there would, probably, have been no very serious objection. But it was not what it pretended to be. It was a special grant of State money to the schools of a particular denomination—the Roman Catholic—and as such was a fraud upon the people of the State.

The bill, as reported, was a political act of homage to the Roman Catholic denomination. Mr. FLAGG is a Democrat. The majority of the Assembly were Democrats. They knew that their great party reliance in the State is the vote of the city of New York, and that a large part of that vote is derived from the citizens of Irish birth who are Roman Catholics. They knew how hostile the priests of that Church are to the common-school system of the State, and how anxious those priests are to obtain a share of the school fund in proportion to the number of members of their communion, in order to secure control of the education of their youth. Mr. FLAGG'S bill was a play into the hands of the priests of the Roman Catholic Church, to give them money from the State Treasury for the support of their denominational schools. It was an attempt in this State to do what Austria has just stopped doing, amidst the acclamation of all wise men; namely, to educate children at the expense of the State in a particular religious faith. Besides all the money which by State and local authority is taken out of the purses of the tax-payers to provide elementary schools for all children of every faith in the State, this bill proposed a special tax in favor of one denomination. Thus every tax-payer would be compelled to pay twice for the education of the Roman Catholic children which this pretended charity bill proposed to assist—first, in his tax for the unsectarian schools to which these children may go, if the ministers of their church would permit; and second, for the special schools named, because those ministers will not permit.

Now if the State of New York intends to renounce one of the most precious and fundamental principles of a free government—the absolute separation of Church and State—and proposes to educate children in a particular religious faith, why does it select the Roman Catholic—the one which comprises a small minority of the population, and which has the least sympathy with all other denominations? If Mr. FLAGG wishes the State to support sectarian schools in the city, why did he not select those of the various Protestant sects, which have at least a general affinity? The reason is very evident. The Roman Catholics in the cities are generally Democrats.

Mr. FLAGG'S bill as reported contained provision for the gift of $56,500 to seventeen Roman Catholic churches in the city of New York, "to aid in the maintenance of the schools under its charge." If our fellow-citizens of the Roman Catholic denomination, or of the Presbyterian, or Methodist, or Baptist, or Unitarian, or Moravian, or of any other denomination whatever, prefer that their children shall not attend the public schools, let them provide private schools for them, and good-luck go with them! But when Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Unitarian, or Moravian, asks the State to support his sectarian school in addition to that which the State has already provided for all the children, a wise State will benignly answer that he is making a very foolish request. Now, is there any thing so peculiarly sacred in the denomination known as Roman Catholic that it must not be placed upon the same plane with all other denominations?

A more flagrant defiance of one of the great principles of our system, and a more audacious bid for party support, could not be offered than that contained in Mr. FLAGG'S bill as reported. It is a matter of universal concern to the people of this State. If the bill as reported becomes a law, let every citizen understand that under Democratic leadership he is taxed to support denominational schools, and remember that his remedy lies in not sending to the Legislature men whose party interests lead them to support Roman Catholic schools at the expense of the whole people.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.

THE Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction has been laid before the Legislature, and contains, as usual, very interesting statistics and several important suggestions. The relation of education to the common welfare is a trite subject, but it has been remarkably refreshed in public attention by the recent political movements in England, and by our own national situation. Mr. RICE, the late State Superintendent, devoted himself with untiring zeal and intelligent interest to his most important duties. Besides his Annual Report, he presented to the Legislature a Special Report upon the present state of education in this and other countries, and on compulsory instruction, which is a document of unique value, in the preparation of which Mr. RICE expresses his obligations to Mr. A. G. JOHNSON of his Department. This is a work to which we shall hereafter refer, and which is full of information for every person interested in the subject of education.

The number of school districts in the State, as reported, is 11,722; of school-houses, 11,556, of which 172 are log-houses. The cost of their erection and improvement during the year was $1,713,107 01. The aggregate cost for ten years past is $7,947,758 17. The present value of buildings and sites is estimated at $16,180,596. The average value of school-houses in the cities is $30,844 43; in the rural districts, $593 92. The number of children between five and twenty-one years is reported at 1,376,982—in the cities 531,379, and in the rural districts 845,603. Of these 949,203 attended school; the average daily attendance 419,957. The entire attendance of the year at all the colleges, academies, public and private schools, in the State was 1,058,-165. The number of teachers in the public schools for the year was 26,489, of which 5271 were men, and 22,218 were women. The amount of salaries paid them was $4,826,471 64. The average annual salary of a teacher in the city is $621 36; in the country, $216 73. Including all expenses, the total actual cost of the public schools for the last year was $7,683,201 22; in the cities, $3,992,893 20; and in the rural districts, $3,600,308 02.

Mr. RICE recommends the levy of a tax for five successive years of one-eighth of a mill upon every dollar of taxable property, to aid in the erection of school-houses and buildings. He does this because outside of the cities there are 1059 districts that do not own the site of their school-houses; 9597 in which the school-houses are not properly separated from the highway; and 2278 without the most necessary outbuildings. How wretched these houses must be is evident from the fact that the average value of all the school buildings in the rural districts, with their sites, is only $593 92.

Mr. RICE'S report also recommends making a new office, called *School Visitor*, the term to be one year, and the office to be filled exclusively by women. The duties are to be the care of the district libraries, inspection of the condition, furniture, and conveniences of the school-house, hunting up absentees, and careful inquiry among the children of the poor. Mr. RICE is of opinion that twenty or thirty thousand women would gratuitously do more for the schools in such ways than an army of paid men whose occupations and taste are alien to such duties. He also recommends a liberal annual appropriation to the Children's Aid Society and other similar associations devoted to the elevation of poor children. He thinks, also, there should be special officers for vagrancy, and special reformatory and industrial schools for vagrant children, and that the necessary money be obtained from the license fees. Indeed, when we know that in the city of New York there are not less than 40,000 vagrant children, between the ages of five and fifteen, it does not seem premature to propose some remedy.

The last Report of the Superintendent should be studied by every good citizen, as carefully as any report of any department, for it treats of the very foundation of the State. The Report of Mr. S. S. RANDALL, the City Superintendent, which is also full of interest and value, our space warns us to defer to another day.

A WONDER OF ART.

THERE is now upon exhibition at SCHAUSS'S in Broadway one of the most remarkable works ever executed by human patience and ingenuity: interesting not only to the connoisseur of art, but to the student of the human frame and its forces. It is a small picture, drawn with the exquisite delicacy of a line engraving in sepia or India ink, called "A Rat-catcher with his Dogs." It represents a rat-catcher sitting just over a rat-hole with a spud in his hands, while his four dogs await the appearance of the rats from the hole into which the ferrets, whose empty cage is upon the bank, have descended. The marvelous expression of every hair of every dog is not less striking than that of the face of the old Rat-catcher. But the wonder of the work is the fact of its execution. It is a picture painted with a hair-brush held in the mouth of a wholly paralyzed man, who had had scarcely any instruction in drawing. The story is so incredible that the English gentleman who owns the picture has shown the evidence of its perfect genuineness to several well-known citizens, who have signed a certificate assuring the public that the facts are unquestionably as stated. Among those who have thus signed are WILLIAM C. BRYANT; D. HUNTINGTON, President of the National Academy of Design; H. T. TUCKERMAN; C. A. DANA; C. G. THOMPSON; JOHN R. THOMPSON; HURD & HOUGHTON; and JOHN B. BOUTON. We have satisfied ourselves also by the most ample proof that there is no doubt of the authenticity of the work, and we unreservedly commend it to public attention both for its intrinsic merit, which is masterly, and for the wonder of its execution. JOHN CARTER, who drew the picture, lived in the parish of Coggeshall, not many miles from London, and the vicar of the parish, after CARTER'S death, wrote a brief biography, which was published by J. W. PARKER & SON, among the most respectable of English publishers. From this little memoir we have but space to quote a letter of CARTER'S, telling his own story. A facsimile of the butterfly of which he speaks is also at Mr. SCHAUSS'S, with two or three interesting little studies, and a slight pencil outline of CARTER'S face, singularly sweet and refined. The letter is dated Coggeshall, July 17, 1848:

"DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your wishes I have written down my name and age, etc., as follows: My name is JOHN CARTER. I am thirty-three years of age the 31st of this month (July, 1848). After leaving school, where I had been taught to read and write, and made some little progress in arithmetic, I was sent to work at the silk trade. After assisting the weavers for some time, I was put to a loom, and learned to weave in the figured branch; and, following the example of my fellow-workmen, I was frequently at the public house, and soon took delight in all evil and mischief. It was when I went to school that I first remember having an inclination for drawing. Whenever I had a pen or pencil in my hand I was sure to be drawing in my books or on my slate, and at home about the walls of the house. The manner in which I came to draw, after I had lost the use of my limbs, was as follows: Being fond of reading, I used to borrow books from my neighbors and others. My wife one day brought home for me a tract which gave an account of a young woman in some asylum at Liverpool who had lost the use of her limbs, and used to amuse herself by drawing with her mouth. The thought at once came into my mind that I might certainly do the same, and I could not rest satisfied till I made the attempt. My first piece was a Butterfly, in water-colors. After drawing in this way for some time I at last adopted the style in which I still continue to draw, which is to shade them after the manner of a line engraving. Dear Sir, I hope your health is improving. May God bless you with all happiness.

"I remain your humble servant,

"JOHN CARTER."

FOUNDER'S DAY.

FOUNDER'S DAY at Vassar College, on the 29th of April, was one of those pleasant reunions which will be always most pleasantly remembered. It is an admirable custom for the faculty and students of the college to recognize, with music and flowers and pious offices, the birthday of the generous Founder, who has shown that he regards himself merely as the steward of the Divine bounty, and carefully distributes it.

BELLOWING IN SLEEPING CARS.

Ed. Harper's Weekly:

As the tired and foot-sore traveler generally resorts to a sleeping car to indulge in the wildest mirth and hilarity, I suggest that as a fitting place to converse loudly and at length upon topics which are sure to interest and enchant him—your own affairs.

These remarks are addressed to Messrs. BOANERGES and TONITRU. If I possessed as good a voice as either of these gentlemen, I should proceed to get a sleeping car on any of the main routes of travel and bellow loudly to the porter, "Where's my berth?" and continue to bellow at intervals, until the tired and foot-sore travelers were satisfied of my importance, and fully impressed that their comfort, for which they paid as much as I, was of very small account. I should consider this the gentlemanly thing to do; and the sort of thing, by Jove, Sir, that gives these commercial travelers, and that class of fellows, Sir, to understand that *you* are not obliged to be off at daybreak with a beggarly bag: no, Sir. I should roar at all times, not gently, like a sucking dove, but like a typhoon; I would set the wild echoes flying and the passengers' sleep as well, and they and the babies might answer crying, crying!

To a person who has traveled from Denver city to New York city without stopping, a night's sleep before he gets home to his family is a mere nothing; if it is of any importance, he is a fool to look for it in a sleeping car. I therefore hope that, if it is a pleasure to them, Messrs. BOANERGES and TONITRU will come into every sleeping car at every opportunity, and bellow loudly on any subject they may condescend to enlighten us upon.

E. P. W.

A CHIP.

A NEWSPAPER in Alabama, which is *not* radical, but rebel, has the following. It is illustrative of the spirit which hopes by the aid of the Democratic party to obtain the political control of the country. It is headed "GRANT Circulars."

"These are now flooding the South. They are issued by a committee comprised of such men as W. B. ASTOR, A. T. STEWART, JOHN COCHRANE, and hosts of other names, once respectable, now contemned by all honest men......Well, Sirs, it affords us cruel satisfaction to tell you plainly that our views are any thing but favorable to the election of a fool like GRANT to the highest office in the gift of the people. Although we have no particular love of country now, yet we retain enough pride in our subdued hearts to wish to see the land governed by a head of at least mediocre intellect, and not by a numskull who, not content with the natural deprivation of sense, renders its absence more glaring by getting drunk publicly! The voice of the South is almost a unit against GRANT'S exaltation......Gentlemen of insufferable impudence, send no more of your vile circulars in this direction. They fall tamely upon the fancies of honest Southern men, and can not be read by the only race they are likely to please—the negroes."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IMPEACHMENT.

As this paper goes to press the trial of the impeachment of President Johnson is rapidly approaching an end, Mr. Bingham, one of the Managers, being engaged in making the closing argument. Since our former report able and lengthy arguments have been made in the case by Manager Wilson, and Counselors Evarts and Stanbery. The case is to be submitted immediately on the conclusion of Mr. Bingham's argument to the Senate; and probably the decision will be known by the date of our next publication.

NEWS ITEMS.

General Canby has issued an order announcing the names of the officers elected in South Carolina, and appointing May 12 as the day for the meeting of the new Legislature.

The new Constitution of South Carolina was adopted by a large majority—over 40,000.

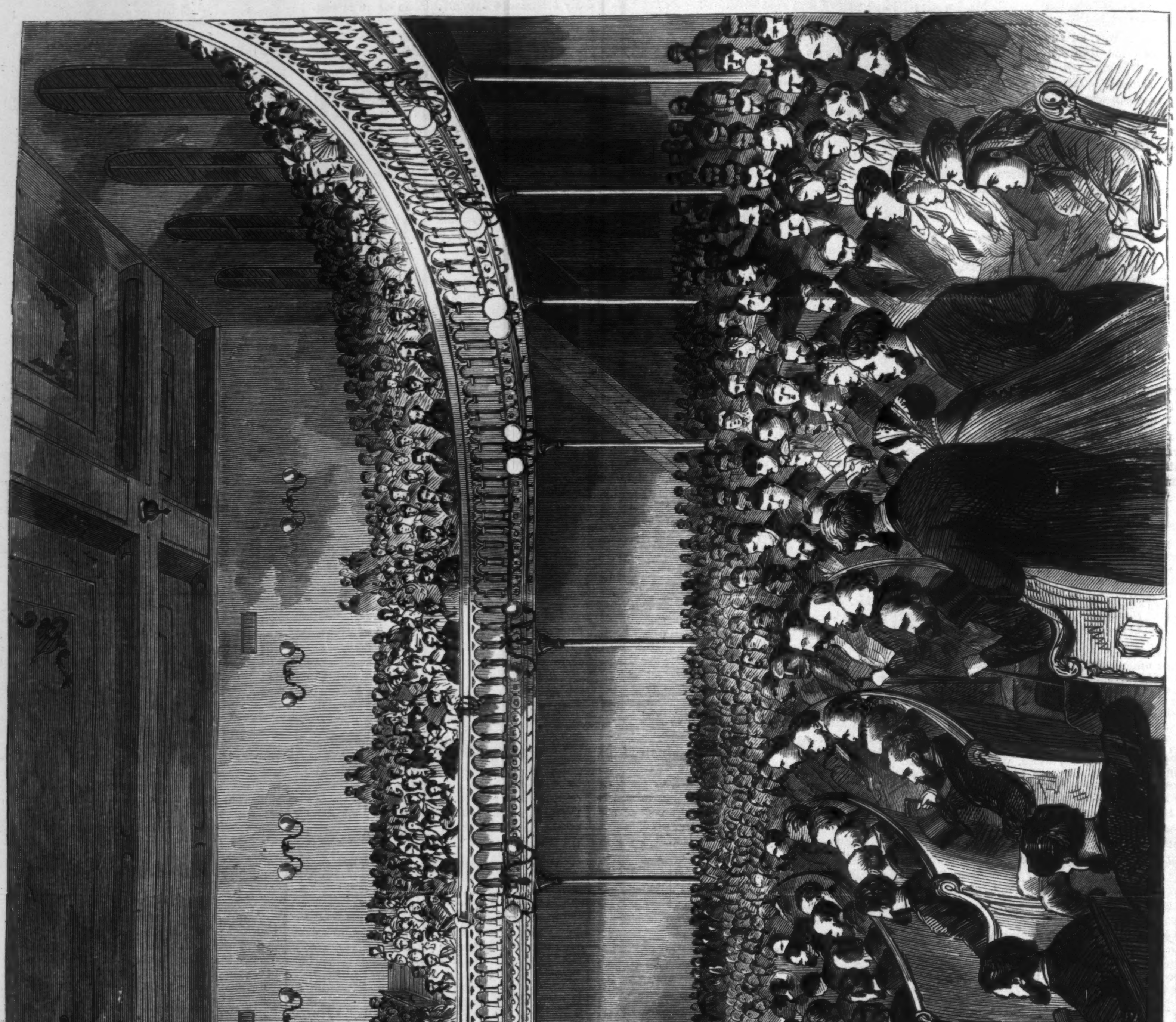
General Canby has levied a special tax in South Carolina for the support of the negro laborers discharged by their employers for voting for the Constitution.

The North Carolina Constitution was carried by a majority of at least 30,000, and W. W. Holden, Republican, is elected Governor by a majority nearly if not quite as great.

Jefferson Davis's trial is to begin on June 3.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MR. DISRAELI was compelled, on May 4, to resign his office as Premier of England, and this by the unexpected action of some of his own Cabinet. He called a session of his Cabinet on May 4, and announced to the members his intention to retain office until a general election could be held. Lord Stanley, the Earl of Malmesbury, and Mr. Hardy refused to serve under Mr. Disraeli under such circumstances; and the latter was therefore compelled to lay his resignation in the hands of the Queen. The Queen declined to accept it; and the Disraeli Cabinet will therefore remain in office. Parliament will be dissolved in the autumn, when a general election will be held. On the same night, in a debate between Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, the latter gave notice that the Opposition, which he heads, would push the issue to an early settlement.



GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT CHICAGO.—[See Page 318.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

SECOND NARRATIVE.

Contributed by Mathew Bruff, Solicitor, of Gray's Inn Square.

CHAPTER I.

MY fair friend, Miss Clack, having laid down the pen, there are two reasons for my taking it up next, in my turn.

In the first place, I am in a position to throw the necessary light on certain points of interest which have thus far been left in the dark. Miss Verinder had her own private reason for breaking her marriage engagement—and I was at the bottom of it. Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite had his own private reason for withdrawing all claim to the hand of his charming cousin—and I discovered what it was.

In the second place, it was my good or ill fortune, I hardly know which, to find myself personally involved—at the period of which I am now writing—in the mystery of the Indian Diamond. I had the honor of an interview, at my own office, with an Oriental stranger of distinguished manners, who was no other, unquestionably, than the chief of the three Indians. Add to this, that I met with the celebrated traveler, Mr. Murthwaite, the day afterward, and that I held a conversation with him on the subject of the Moonstone, which has a very important bearing on later events. And there you have the statement of my claims to fill the position which I occupy in these pages.

The true story of the broken marriage engagement comes first in point of time, and must therefore take the first place in the present narrative. Tracing my way back along the chain of events, from one end to the other, I find it necessary to open the scene, oddly enough as you will think, at the bedside of my excellent client and friend, the late Sir John Verinder.

Sir John had his share—perhaps rather a large share—of the more harmless and amiable of the weaknesses incidental to humanity. Among these, I may mention as applicable to the matter in hand, an invincible reluctance—so long as he enjoyed his usual good health—to face the responsibility of making his will. Lady Verinder exerted her influence to rouse him to a sense of duty in this matter; and I exerted my influence. He admitted the justice of our views—but he went no further than that, until he found himself afflicted with the illness which ultimately brought him to his grave. Then, I was sent for at last, to take my client's instructions on the subject of his will. They proved to be the simplest instructions I had ever received in the whole of my professional career.

Sir John was dozing, when I entered the room. He roused himself at the sight of me.

"How do you do, Mr. Bruff?" he said. "I sha'n't be very long about this. And then I'll go to sleep again." He looked on with great interest while I collected pens, ink, and paper. "Are you ready?" he asked. I bowed, and took a dip of ink, and waited for my instructions.

"Every thing to my wife," said Sir John. "That's all." He turned round on his pillow, and composed himself to sleep again.

I was obliged to disturb him.

"Am I to understand," I asked, "that you leave the whole of the property, of every sort and description, of which you die possessed, absolutely to Lady Verinder?"

"Yes," said Sir John. "Only *I* put it shorter. Why can't *you* put it shorter, and let me go to sleep again? Every thing to my wife. That's my Will."

His property was entirely at his own disposal, and was of two kinds. Property in land (I purposely abstain from using technical language), and property in money. In the majority of cases, I am afraid I should have felt it my duty to my client to ask him to reconsider his Will. In the case of Sir John, I knew Lady Verinder to be, not only worthy of the unreserved trust which her husband had placed in her (all good wives are worthy of that)—but to be also capable of properly administering a trust (which, in my experience of the fair sex, not one in a thousand of them is competent to do). In ten minutes Sir John's Will was drawn and executed, and Sir John himself, good man, was finishing his interrupted nap.

Lady Verinder amply justified the confidence which her husband had placed in her. In the first days of her widowhood she sent for me and made her Will. The view she took of her position was so thoroughly sound and sensible that I was relieved of all necessity for advising her. My responsibility began and ended with shaping her instructions into the proper legal form. Before Sir John had been a fortnight in his grave the future of his daughter had been most wisely and most affectionately provided for.

The Will remained in its fire-proof box at my office, through more years than I like to reckon up. It was not till the summer of eighteen hundred and forty-eight that I found occasion to look at it again under very melancholy circumstances.

At the date I have mentioned the doctors pronounced the sentence on poor Lady Verinder, which was literally a sentence of death. I was the first person whom she informed of her situation; and I found her anxious to go over her Will again with me.

It was impossible to improve the provisions relating to her daughter. But, in the lapse of time, her wishes in regard to certain minor legacies, left to different relatives, had undergone some modification; and it became necessary to add three or four Codicils to the original document. Having done this at once, for fear of accidents, I obtained her ladyship's permission to embody her recent instructions in a second Will. My object was to avoid certain inevitable confusions and repetitions which now disfigured the original document, and which, to own the truth, grated sadly on my professional sense of the fitness of things.

The execution of this second Will has been described by Miss Clack, who was so obliging as to witness it. So far as regards Rachel Verinder's pecuniary interests, it was, word for word, the exact counterpart of the first Will. The only changes introduced related to the appointment of a guardian, and to certain provisions concerning that appointment, which were made under my advice. On Lady Verinder's death, the Will was placed in the hands of my proctor to be "proved" (as the phrase is) in the usual way.

In about three weeks from that time—as well as I can remember—the first warning reached me of something unusual going on under the surface. I happened to be looking in at my friend the proctor's office, and I observed that he received me with an appearance of greater interest than usual.

"I have some news for you," he said. "What do you think I heard at Doctors' Commons this morning? Lady Verinder's Will has been asked for, and examined, already!"

This was news indeed! There was absolutely nothing which could be contested in the Will; and there was nobody I could think of who had the slightest interest in examining it. (I shall perhaps do well if I explain in this place, for the benefit of the few people who don't know it already, that the law allows all Wills to be examined at Doctors' Commons by any body who applies, on the payment of a shilling fee.)

"Did you hear who asked for the Will?" I inquired.

"Yes; the clerk had no hesitation in telling *me*. Mr. Smalley, of the firm of Skipp & Smalley, asked for it. The Will has not been copied yet into the great Folio Registers. So there was no alternative but to depart from the usual course, and to let him see the original document. He looked it over carefully, and made a note in his pocket-book. Have you any idea of what he wanted with it?"

I shook my head. "I shall find out," I answered, "before I am a day older." With that I went back at once to my own office.

If any other firm of solicitors had been concerned in this unaccountable examination of my deceased client's Will I might have found some difficulty in making the necessary discovery. But I had a hold over Skipp & Smalley which made my course in this matter a comparatively easy one. My common-law clerk (a most competent and excellent man) was a brother of Mr. Smalley's; and, owing to this sort of indirect connection with me, Skipp & Smalley had, for some years past, picked up the crumbs that fell from my table, in the shape of cases brought to my office, which, for various reasons, I did not think it worth while to undertake. My professional patronage was, in this way, of some importance to the firm. I intended, if necessary, to remind them of that patronage on the present occasion.

The moment I got back I spoke to my clerk; and after telling him what had happened I sent him to his brother's office, "with Mr. Bruff's compliments, and he would be glad to know why Messrs. Skipp & Smalley had found it necessary to examine Lady Verinder's Will."

This message brought Mr. Smalley back to my office, in company with his brother. He acknowledged that he had acted under instructions received from a client. And then he put it to me, whether it would not be a breach of professional confidence on his part to say more.

We had a smart discussion upon that. He was right, no doubt; and I was wrong. The truth is, I was angry and suspicious—and I insisted on knowing more. Worse still, I declined to consider any additional information offered to me, as a secret placed in my keeping: I claimed perfect freedom to use my own discretion. Worse even than that, I took an unwarrantable advantage of my position. "Choose, Sir," I said to Mr. Smalley, "between the risk of losing your client's business, and the risk of losing Mine." Quite indefensible, I admit—an act of tyranny, and nothing less. Like other tyrants, I carried my point. Mr. Smalley chose his alternative, without a moment's hesitation. He smiled resignedly, and gave up the name of his client:

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

That was enough for me—I wanted to know no more.

Having reached this point in my narrative, it now becomes necessary to place the reader of these lines—so far as Lady Verinder's Will is concerned—on a footing of perfect equality, in respect of information, with myself.

Let me state, then, in the fewest possible words, that Rachel Verinder had nothing but a life-interest in the property. Her mother's excellent sense, and my long experience, had combined to relieve her of all responsibility, and to guard her from all danger of becoming the victim in the future of some needy and unscrupulous man. Neither she nor her husband (if she married) could raise sixpence, either on the property in land or on the property in money. They would have the houses in London and in Yorkshire to live in, and they would have the handsome income—and that was all.

When I came to think over what I had discovered, I was sorely perplexed what to do next.

Hardly a week had passed since I had heard (to my surprise and distress) of Miss Verinder's proposed marriage. I had the sincerest admiration and affection for her; and I had been inexpressibly grieved when I heard that she was about to throw herself away on Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. And now, here was this man—whom I had always believed to be a smooth-tongued impostor—justifying the very worst that I had thought of him, and plainly revealing the mercenary object of the marriage, on his side! And what of that?—you may reply—the thing is done every day. Granted, my dear Sir. But would you think of it quite as lightly as you do, if the thing was done (let us say) with your own sister?

The first consideration which now naturally occurred to me, was this. Would Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite hold to his engagement, after what his lawyer had discovered for him?

It depended entirely on his pecuniary position, of which I knew nothing. If that position was not a desperate one, it would be well worth his while to marry Miss Verinder for her income alone. If, on the other hand, he stood in urgent need of realizing a large sum by a given time, then Lady Verinder's Will would exactly meet the case, and would preserve her daughter from falling into a scoundrel's hands.

In the latter event, there would be no need for me to distress Miss Rachel, in the first days of her mourning for her mother, by an immediate revelation of the truth. In the former event, if I remained silent, I should be conniving at a marriage which would make her miserable for life.

My doubts ended in my calling at the hotel in London, at which I knew Mrs. Ablewhite and Miss Verinder to be staying. They informed me that they were going to Brighton the next day, and that an unexpected obstacle prevented Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite from accompanying them. I at once proposed to take his place. When I was only thinking of Rachel Verinder, it was possible to hesitate. When I actually saw her, my mind was made up directly, come what might of it, to tell her the truth.

I found my opportunity, when I was out walking with her, on the day after my arrival.

"May I speak to you," I asked, "about your marriage engagement?"

"Yes," she said, indifferently, "if you have nothing more interesting to talk about."

"Will you forgive an old friend and servant of your family, Miss Rachel, if I venture on asking whether your heart is set on this marriage?"

"I am marrying in despair, Mr. Bruff—on the chance of dropping into some sort of stagnant happiness which may reconcile me to my life."

Strong language! and suggestive of something below the surface, in the shape of a romance. But I had my own object in view, and I declined (as we lawyers say) to pursue the question into its side issues.

"Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite can hardly be of your way of thinking," I said. "*His* heart must be set on the marriage, at any rate?"

"He says so, and I suppose I ought to believe him. He would hardly marry me, after what I have owned to him, unless he was fond of me."

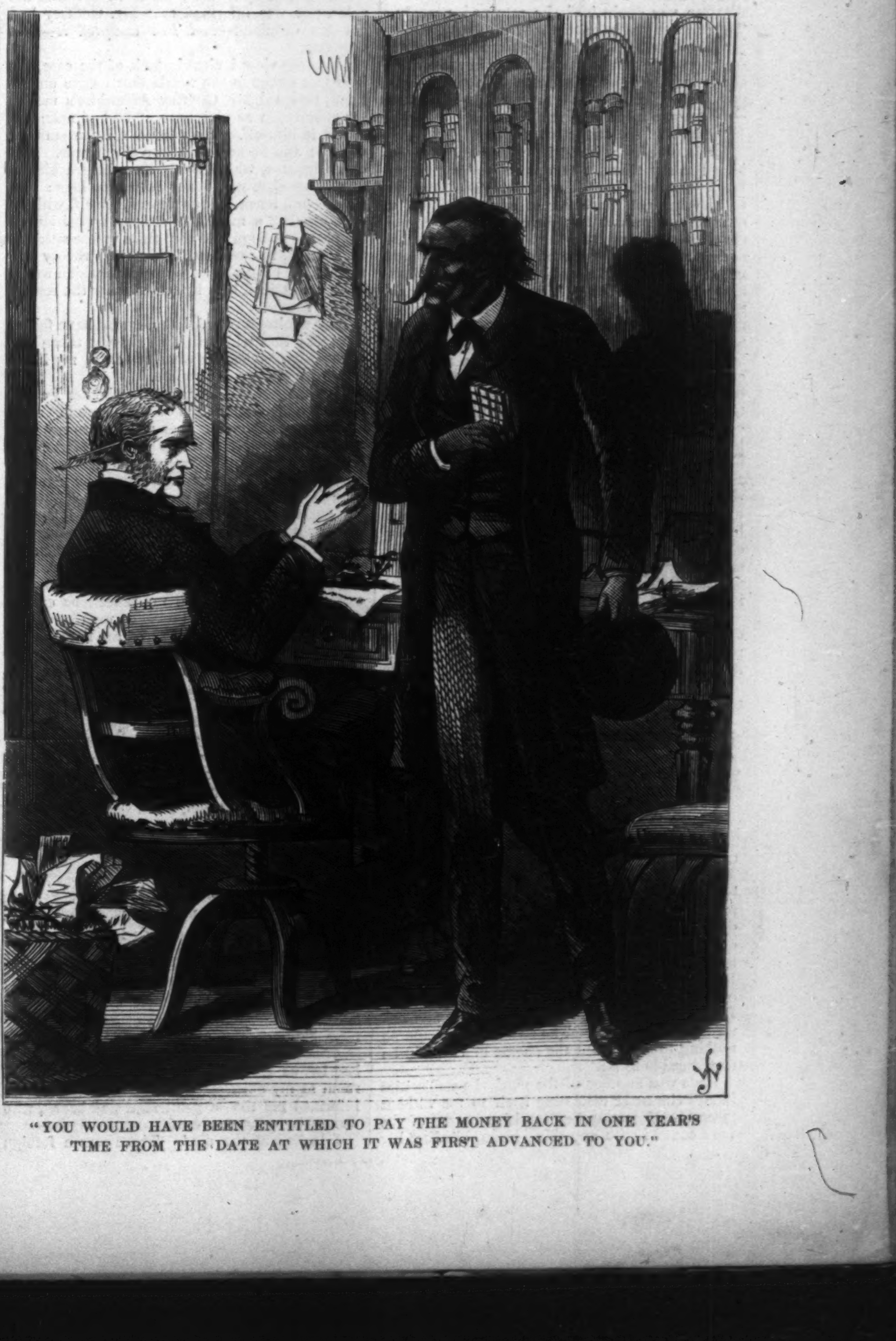
Poor thing! the bare idea of a man marrying her for his own selfish and mercenary ends had never entered her head. The task I had set myself began to look like a harder task than I had bargained for.

"It sounds strangely," I went on, "in my old-fashioned ears—"

"What sounds strangely?" she asked.

"To hear you speak of your future husband as if you were not quite sure of the sincerity of his attachment. Are you conscious of any reason in your own mind for doubting him?"

Her astonishing quickness of perception detected a change in my voice, or my manner,



"YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN ENTITLED TO PAY THE MONEY BACK IN ONE YEAR'S TIME FROM THE DATE AT WHICH IT WAS FIRST ADVANCED TO YOU."

when I put that question, which warned her that I had been speaking all along with some ulterior object in view. She stopped, and, taking her arm out of mine, looked me searchingly in the face.

"Mr. Bruff," she said, "you have something to tell me about Godfrey Ablewhite. Tell it."

I knew her well enough to take her at her word. I told it.

She put her arm again into mine, and walked on with me slowly. I felt her hand tightening its grasp mechanically on my arm, and I saw her getting paler and paler as I went on—but, not a word passed her lips while I was speaking. When I had done, she still kept silence. Her head drooped a little, and she walked by my side, unconscious of my presence, unconscious of every thing about her; lost—buried, I might almost say—in her own thoughts.

I made no attempt to disturb her. My experience of her disposition warned me, on this, as on former occasions, to give her time.

The first instinct of girls in general, on being told of any thing which interests them, is to ask a multitude of questions, and then to run off, and talk it all over with some favorite friend. Rachel Verinder's first instinct, under similar circumstances, was to shut herself up in her own mind, and to think it over by herself. This absolute self-dependence is a great virtue in a man. In a woman, it has the serious drawback of morally separating her from the mass of her sex, and so exposing her to misconstruction by the general opinion. I strongly suspect myself of thinking as the rest of the world think in this matter—except in the case of Rachel Verinder. The self-dependence in *her* character was one of its virtues in my estimation; partly, no doubt, because I sincerely admired and liked her; partly, because the view I took of her connection with the loss of the Moonstone was based on my own special knowledge of her disposition. Badly as appearances might look in the matter of the Diamond—shocking as it undoubtedly was to know that she was associated in any way with the mystery of an undiscovered theft—I was satisfied nevertheless that she had done nothing unworthy of her, because I was also satisfied that she had not stirred a step in the business, without shutting herself up in her own mind, and thinking it over first.

We had walked on, for nearly a mile I should think, before Rachel roused herself. She suddenly looked up at me with a faint reflection of her smile of happier times—the most irresistible smile I had ever seen on a woman's face.

"I owe much already to your kindness," she said. "And I feel more deeply indebted to it now than ever. If you hear any rumors of my marriage when you go back to London, contradict them at once, on my authority."

"Have you resolved to break your engagement?" I asked.

"Can you doubt it?" she returned, proudly, "after what you have told me!"

"My dear Miss Rachel, you are very young—and you may find more difficulty in withdrawing from your present position than you anticipate. Have you no one—I mean a lady of course—whom you could consult?"

"No one," she answered.

It distressed me, it did indeed distress me, to hear her say that. She was so young and so lonely—and she bore it so well! The impulse to help her got the better of any sense of my own unfitness which I might have felt under the circumstances; and I stated such ideas on the subject as occurred to me on the spur of the moment, to the best of my ability. I have advised a prodigious number of clients, and have dealt with some exceedingly awkward difficulties, in my time. But this was the first occasion on which I had ever found myself advising a young lady how to obtain her release from a marriage engagement. The suggestion I offered amounted briefly to this. I recommended her to tell Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite—at a private interview, of course—that he had, to her certain knowledge, betrayed the mercenary nature of the motive on his side. She was then to add that their marriage, after what she had discovered, was a simple impossibility—and she was to put it to him, whether he thought it wisest to secure her silence by falling in with her views, or to force her, by opposing them, to make the motive under which she was acting generally known. If he attempted to defend himself, or to deny the facts, she was, in that event, to refer him to *me*.

Miss Verinder listened attentively till I had done. She then thanked me very prettily for my advice, but informed me at the same time that it was impossible for her to follow it.

"May I ask," I said, "what objection you see to following it?"

She hesitated—and then met me with a question on her side.

"Suppose you were asked to express your opinion of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's conduct?" she began.

"Yes?"

"What would you call it?"

"I should call it the conduct of a meanly deceitful man."

"Mr. Bruff! I have believed in that man. I have promised to marry that man. How can I tell him he is mean, how can I tell him he has deceived me, how can I disgrace him in the eyes of the world, after that? I have degraded myself by ever thinking of him as my husband. If I say what you tell me to say to him—I am owning that I have degraded myself to his face. I can't do that—after what has passed between us—I can't do that! The shame of it would be nothing to *him*. But the shame of it would be unendurable to *me*."

Here was another of the marked peculiarities in her character disclosing itself to me without reserve. Here was her sensitive horror of the bare contact with any thing mean, blinding her to every consideration of what she owed to herself, hurrying her into a false position which might compromise her in the estimation of all her friends! Up to this time I had been a little diffident about the propriety of the advice I had given to her. But, after what she had just said, I had no sort of doubt that it was the best advice that could have been offered; and I felt no sort of hesitation in pressing it on her again.

She only shook her head, and repeated her objection in other words.

"He has been intimate enough with me to ask me to be his wife. He has stood high enough in my estimation to obtain my consent. I can't tell him to his face that he is the most contemptible of living creatures, after that!"

"But, my dear Miss Rachel," I remonstrated, "it's equally impossible for you to tell him that you withdraw from your engagement, without giving some reason for it."

"I shall say that I have thought it over, and that I am satisfied it will be best for both of us if we part."

"No more than that?"

"No more."

"Have you thought of what he may say, on his side?"

"He may say what he pleases."

It was impossible not to admire her delicacy and her resolution, and it was equally impossible not to feel that she was putting herself in the wrong. I entreated her to consider her own position. I reminded her that she would be exposing herself to the most odious misconstruction of her motives. "You can't brave public opinion," I said, "at the command of private feeling."

"I can," she answered. "I have done it already."

"What do you mean?"

"You have forgotten the Moonstone, Mr. Bruff. Have I not braved public opinion, *there*, with my own private reasons for it?"

Her answer silenced me for the moment. It set me trying to trace the explanation of her conduct, at the time of the loss of the Moonstone, out of the strange avowal which had just escaped her. I might perhaps have done it when I was younger. I certainly couldn't do it now.

I tried a last remonstrance, before we returned to the house. She was just as immovable as ever. My mind was in a strange conflict of feelings about her when I left her that day. She was obstinate; she was wrong. She was interesting; she was admirable; she was deeply to be pitied. I made her promise to write to me the moment she had any news to send. And I went back to my business in London, with a mind exceedingly ill at ease.

On the evening of my return, before it was possible for me to receive my promised letter, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Ablewhite the elder, and was informed that Mr. Godfrey had got his dismissal—*and had accepted it*—that very day.

With the view I already took of the case, the bare fact stated in the words that I have underlined, revealed Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's motive for submission as plainly as if he had acknowledged it himself. He needed a large sum of money; and he needed it by a given time. Rachel's income, which would have helped him to any thing else, would not help him here; and Rachel had accordingly released herself, without encountering a moment's serious opposition on his part. If I am told that this is mere speculation, I ask, in my turn, What other theory will account for his giving up a marriage which would have maintained him in splendor for the rest of his life?

Any exultation I might otherwise have felt at the lucky turn which things had now taken was effectually checked by what passed at my interview with old Mr. Ablewhite.

He came, of course, to know whether I could give him any explanation of Miss Verinder's extraordinary conduct. It is needless to say that I was quite unable to afford him the information he wanted. The annoyance which I thus inflicted, following on the irritation produced by a recent interview with his son, threw Mr. Ablewhite off his guard. Both his looks and his language convinced me that Miss Verinder would find him a merciless man to deal with, when he joined the ladies at Brighton the next day.

I had a restless night, considering what I ought to do next. How my reflections ended, and how thoroughly well founded my distrust of old Mr. Ablewhite proved to be are items of information which (as I am told) have already been put tidily in their proper places by that exemplary person, Miss Clack. I have only to add—in completion of her narrative—that Miss Verinder found a quiet and repose which she sadly needed, poor thing, in my house at Hampstead. She honored us by making a long stay. My wife and daughters were charmed with her; and, when the executors decided on the appointment of a new guardian, I feel sincere pride and pleasure in recording that my guest and my family parted like old friends, on either side.

CHAPTER II.

THE next thing I have to do, is to present such additional information as I possess on the subject of the Moonstone, or, to speak more correctly, on the subject of the Indian plot to steal the Diamond. The little that I have to tell is (as I think I have already said) of some importance, nevertheless, in respect of its bearing very remarkably on events which are still to come.

About a week or ten days after Miss Verinder had left us, one of my clerks entered the private room at my office, with a card in his hand, and informed me that a gentleman was below, who wanted to speak to me.

I looked at the card. There was a foreign name written on it, which has escaped my memory. It was followed by a line written in English at the bottom of the card, which I remember perfectly well:

"Recommended by Mr. Septimus Luker."

The audacity of a person in Mr. Luker's position presuming to recommend any body to *me*, took me so completely by surprise, that I sat silent for the moment, wondering whether my own eyes had not deceived me. The clerk, observing my bewilderment, favored me with the result of his own observation of the stranger who was waiting down stairs.

"He's rather a remarkable looking man, Sir. So dark in the complexion that we all set him down in the office for an Indian, or something of that sort."

Associating the clerk's idea with the very offensive line inscribed on the card in my hand, I instantly suspected that the Moonstone was at the bottom of Mr Luker's recommendation, and of the stranger's visit at my office. To the astonishment of my clerk, I at once decided on granting an interview to the gentleman below.

In justification of the highly unprofessional sacrifice to mere curiosity which I thus made, permit me to remind any body who may read these lines, that no living person (in England, at any rate) can claim to have had such an intimate connection with the romance of the Indian Diamond as mine has been. I was trusted with the secret of Colonel Herncastle's plan for escaping assassination. I received the Colonel's letters, periodically reporting himself a living man. I drew his Will, leaving the Moonstone to Miss Verinder. I persuaded his executor to act, on the chance that the jewel might prove to be a valuable acquisition to the family. And, lastly, I combated Mr. Franklin Blake's scruples, and induced him to be the means of transporting the Diamond to Lady Verinder's house. If any one can claim a prescriptive right of interest in the Moonstone, and in every thing connected with it, I think it is hardly to be denied that I am the man.

The moment my mysterious client was shown in I felt an inner conviction that I was in the presence of one of the three Indians—probably of the chief. He was carefully dressed in European costume. But his swarthy complexion, his long lithe figure, and his grave and graceful politeness of manner were enough to betray his Oriental origin to any intelligent eyes that looked at him.

I pointed to a chair, and begged to be informed of the nature of his business with me.

After first apologizing—in an excellent selection of English words—for the liberty which he had taken in disturbing me, the Indian produced a small parcel the outer covering of which was of cloth of gold. Removing this and a second wrapping of some silken fabric, he placed a little box, or casket, on my table, most beautifully and richly inlaid in jewels, on an ebony ground.

"I have come, Sir," he said, "to ask you to lend me some money. And I leave this as an assurance to you that my debt will be paid back."

I pointed to his card. "And you apply to me," I rejoined, "at Mr. Luker's recommendation?"

The Indian bowed.

"May I ask how it is that Mr. Luker himself did not advance the money that you require?"

"Mr. Luker informed me, Sir, that he had no money to lend."

"And so he recommended you to come to me?"

The Indian, in his turn, pointed to the card. "It is written there," he said.

Briefly answered, and thoroughly to the purpose! If the Moonstone had been in my possession, this Oriental gentleman would have murdered me, I am well aware, without a moment's hesitation. At the same time, and barring that slight drawback, I am bound to testify that he was the perfect model of a client. He might not have respected my life. But he did what none of my own countrymen had ever done in all my experience of them—he respected my time.

"I am sorry," I said, "that you should have had the trouble of coming to me. Mr. Luker is quite mistaken in sending you here. I am trusted, like other men of my profession, with money to lend. But I never lend it to strangers, and I never lend it on such a security as you have produced."

Far from attempting, as other people would have done, to induce me to relax my own rules, the Indian only made me another bow, and wrapped up his box in its two coverings without a word of protest. He rose—this admirable assassin rose to go, the moment I had answered him!

"Will your condescension toward a stranger, excuse my asking one question," he said, "before I take my leave?"

I bowed on my side. Only one question at parting! The average in my experience, was fifty.

"Supposing, Sir, it had been possible (and customary) for *you* to lend me the money," he said, "in what space of time would it have been possible (and customary) for *me* to pay it back?"

"According to the usual course pursued in this country," I answered, "you would have been entitled to pay the money back (if you liked) in one year's time from the date at which it was first advanced to you."

The Indian made me a last bow, the lowest of all—and suddenly and softly walked out of the room.

It was done in a moment, in a noiseless, supple, cat-like way, which a little startled me, I own. As soon as I was composed enough to think, I arrived at one distinct conclusion in reference to the otherwise incomprehensible visitor who had favored me with a call.

His face, voice, and manner—while I was in his company—were under such perfect control that they set all scrutiny at defiance. But he had given me one chance of looking under the smooth outer surface of him, for all that. He had not shown the slightest sign of attempting to fix any thing that I had said to him in his mind, until I mentioned the time at which it was customary to permit the earliest repayment, on the part of the debtor, of money that had been advanced as a loan. When I gave him that piece of information, he looked me straight in the face, while I was speaking, for the first time. The inference I drew from this was—that he had a special purpose in asking me his last question, and a special interest in hearing my answer to it. The more carefully I reflected on what had passed between us, the more shrewdly I suspected the production of the casket, and the application for the loan, of having been mere formalities, designed to pave the way for the parting inquiry addressed to me.

I had satisfied myself of the correctness of this conclusion—and was trying to get on a step further, and penetrate the Indian's motives next—when a letter was brought to me, which proved to be from no less a person than Mr. Septimus Luker himself. He asked my pardon in terms of sickening servility, and assured me that he could explain matters to my satisfaction, if I would honor him by consenting to a personal interview.

I made another unprofessional sacrifice to mere curiosity. I honored him by making an appointment at my office, for the next day.

Mr. Luker was, in every respect, such an inferior creature to the Indian—he was so vulgar, so ugly, so cringing, and so prosy—that he is quite unworthy of being reported, at any length, in these pages. The substance of what he had to tell me may be fairly stated as follows:

The day before I had received the visit of the Indian, Mr. Luker had been favored with a call from that accomplished gentleman. In spite of his European disguise, Mr. Luker had instantly identified his visitor with the chief of the three Indians, who had formerly annoyed him by loitering about his house, and who had left him no alternative but to consult a magistrate. From this startling discovery he had rushed to the conclusion (naturally enough I own) that he must certainly be in the company of one of the three men, who had blindfolded him, gagged him, and robbed him of his banker's receipt. The result was that he became quite paralyzed with terror, and that he firmly believed his last hour had come.

On his side, the Indian preserved the character of a perfect stranger. He produced the little casket, and made exactly the same application which he had afterward made to me. As the speediest way of getting rid of him, Mr. Luker had at once declared that he had no money. The Indian had thereupon asked to be informed of the best and safest person to apply to for the loan he wanted. Mr. Luker had answered that the best and safest person, in such cases, was usually a respectable solicitor. Asked to name some one individual of that character and profession, Mr. Luker had mentioned me—for the one simple reason that, in the extremity of his terror, mine was the first name which occurred to him. "The perspiration was pouring off me like rain, Sir," the wretched creature concluded. "I didn't know what I was talking about. And I hope you'll look over it, Mr. Bruff, Sir, in consideration of my having been really and truly frightened out of my wits."

I excused the fellow graciously enough. It was the readiest way of releasing myself from the sight of him. Before he left me, I detained him to make one inquiry. Had the Indian said any thing noticeable at the moment of quitting Mr. Luker's house?

Yes! The Indian had put precisely the same question to Mr. Luker, at parting, which he had put to me; receiving, of course, the same answer as the answer which I had given to him.

What did it mean? Mr. Luker's explanation gave me no assistance toward solving the problem. My own unaided ingenuity, consulted next, proved quite unequal to grapple with the difficulty. I had a dinner engagement that evening; and I went up stairs, in no very genial frame of mind, little suspecting that the way to my dressing-room, and the way to discovery, meant, on this particular occasion, one and the same thing.

THORNE'S POOR RELATIONS.

THE old Brewery burned down to the ground. Many rejoiced thereat, but they might have known that their joy would be short-lived. That from the ruins would arise a formidable structure which would make the friends of temperance look grave.

It seemed as if the whole town were abroad on the night of the fire. And indeed the conflagration was a sight to behold. The immense quantities of grain stored in the buildings adjacent to the Brewery, the whiskies and the high wines, imparted a splendor to the flame which was worth seeing at the cost of a night's sleep. And what a spectacle to eyes unused to stage effects those flocks of birds which circled round the scene of desolation on golden and silvered wings!

Most persons gazing on the spectacle forgot their individual heart-ache and worry. Even Uncle Thorne did. He lived on the narrow street which led down to the Brewery, and came out and watched the fire with others until morning. He had good reason for being on the alert. A sudden change in the wind, or even a slight increase, might send an unlucky spark into his premises and do damage there. It was not likely, but the possibility of such an event was sufficient to keep him a watcher. He had but himself to look after himself—this thought brought him out of his bed quickly—it had sent him to it heavily, as night by night it sent him, for Uncle Thorne was widowed and childless. Is it so

with all these people who crowd the ferry-boats, and the cars, and the stages—the streets, and theatres, and churches; have they all some heart-ache? some smarting disappointment? does a shadowy fear follow the steps of every one, and haunt the days and nights? Is it a world of sorrow? but is there not sure deliverance for all? Death, I mean not by the gateway thou dost keep! Hear the story of George Thorne.

The fire occurred on Saturday night.

Next morning at nine o'clock the sexton, he was Uncle Thorne, was in the church porch ringing the church bell. Years ago this sexton climbed the dark belfry stairs to ring the bell for the congregation that worshiped in the house of the Lord below. But one dark night he fell and broke his leg. Every body said then, what a shame it was that the steep narrow stair had never been provided with a railing, for many times Thorne had predicted that just such an accident as this would befall him.

Now that it had happened the rope was brought down from the belfry, and the sexton rang the bell standing in the porch where every body could see him. It would have been a less acceptable sight to some eyes had the ringer been any body besides old Thorne. Priests and children, as a general thing, keep the machinery of their winking dolls out of sight, and all people of good taste conceal their skeletons; on the same principle the bell-ringer should have done his ringing in a corner, or behind a door; but there he was in the porch, and there he would be until he ceased to ring for others, and was tolled over himself; and people didn't mind, because he was old Thorne.

On this Sunday, having rung the children into Sunday-school at nine, the congregation into church at half past ten, and again at two P.M., he limped homeward, having deputed young Mr. Matson to lock up the church after service, and hang the key he knew where. Young Mr. Matson was in Uncle Thorne's confidence, his honorary partner, one might say; for he had the management of the garden next the church, and whenever the bell gave forth a hesitating and uncertain sound the young man would cry "Rheumatism!" drop his tools, and run into the porch and lay hands on the knotted rope to such good purpose that people were set to thinking of the sexton with wondering admiration.

Thorne had his reasons for excusing himself that afternoon. He had not taken cold watching the fire; he did not feel the loss of a night's sleep; but he had seen two or three miserable fellows in particular among the many hanging about the smoking pit, and he thought that he might be of some service to them. He understood their feelings, and little as was the respect he felt for all the Brewery represented, he had secretly experienced a sense of loss and loneliness as he looked down toward the ruin, which made him feel kindly drawn toward more serious mourners.

As he approached his gate he saw Ralph Rockaway leaning over the picket fence, his arm in a sling. He surprised Ralph—that was clear; had Ralph suspected that the sexton would return so early in the day he would not have been found hanging over the fence in that disconsolate manner.

When he saw old George the necessity of speech was upon him. He, Rockaway, had shed more tears over that picket standing there those five minutes than he had shed in all the years that lay between him and his childhood; but his eyes were always bloodshot, and of tears who would suspect him? There was something in his voice, though, that made George more than commonly cautious in his answer; and, commonly, it must be said of him, he was caution itself.

"You're going to have a heap of strawberries out of that 'ere patch," Ralph said. "What the deuce do you do with 'em all?"

"They don't rot for one thing," answered George. "They get ate up mighty easy. I planted for my poor relations, you know."

Any body but Ralph must have seen that Thorne's words were mere pleasantry—for it was very well known that Thorne had no relations—but to hear him talk you might have supposed he had at least an alms-house full.

"I didn't know that you had any folks," said Ralph. "I never see any of 'em about."

"You didn't! What a poor beggar you took me for, Rockaway! No folks!" Thorne spoke precisely as though the sense of this very fact had not made him miserable many a dreary day. "Come int' the house," he added, leading the way. "That was a pretty bad piece of business for some folks, that fire last night. Not so bad for Kimberly though as for others."

"That's so," said Ralph, as he walked up the graveled path behind Thorne. "Mr. Kimberly's well off enough. I wish I had what he throws away."

"You'd be rich," returned Thorne, a little more thoughtful even than before. "How far did that hurt go, Ralph?" pointing to the arm in the sling.

"Too fur, 'cause it didn't go fur'd enough," was the answer. George understood Ralph to mean that since it didn't go so far as to kill him, the hurt was a failure. And he, moreover, was not surprised that Ralph should feel just that. "I got a tall beam-end on to my shoulder," Ralph went on; "it came near tearing it up by the roots—only you see it didn't. The old Brewery might as well be gone fur's I'm concerned. I couldn't do nothin' now, brewin' or no brewin' —not if Kimberly would go halves. When yur got your leg broke, George, 'twas a good job for yur."

"Yes," said Uncle Thorne, reflecting, "'twas a good job! I never knew the worth of that leg till it was gone, certin. If you mean it's good to find out the wuth of what we've got when we haven't got it no longer. But 'cording to my notion it's best to be thankful, and understand what our good fortin' is, as we go along."

"Yur had the church to your back," said Ralph. "When the Brewery gets on its legs agin I'll git a chore or so to do, but now you see I'm out in a gale with my oars broke. With the little gal—"

"Where *is* Gussy?" asked George, with a new tone in his voice—a tone that was not almost, but *quite* tender.

"I went out of the house to git red of her," answered Ralph. "I couldn't stand it looking at that child. My fingers wouldn't work to answer her questions. I couldn't get 'em to. Gussy never see a fire afore. George—I wouldn't wonder if the time had come when she'd have to go to the place for such."

"It's a comfortable place," said George, cheerfully. "I was to one of the celebrations in our church of 'em, and we walked up to their building afterward, the church folks, I mean, did—it looked as neat as a pin. I declare it was so still and pleasant I felt as if it was almost a privilege to be there."

"It don't take *me* that way. I git a feeling in my chest as if I should bust, sometimes, jest a bein' alone with 'Gus."

"But she wouldn't feel that way, you know. I never see smilinger or cheerfuller girls in my life than was there, Rockaway."

But it seemed the more cheery George's words the deeper Ralph's gloom; his head sunk, he looked no better, no other than he was, a hopeless, ruined man. And what if he had, as it were, ruined himself? That made the case no better. Oh, did it not make every thing the worse?

George thought and thought. At last he said: "Look at here—" then he paused; he might be mistaken, but it seemed to him that he had had a revelation; he was almost afraid to say it. Ralph Rockaway was certainly the last person in the world to whom, naturally, it would seem probable he should say such things—but— "Look at here," he repeated; "what have I got this home of my own here for? nobody in it but me, except when Miss Bowles comes over to chore round? You're kind o' done up, Ralph. We've knowed each other forty year. We never had any misunderstandings—yur mind your business and I mind mine—couldn't—couldn't Gussy chore round for yur and me? I ain't overexacting."

"Thorne," said Ralph, not replying instantly, and when he did so raising his eyes from the ground and looking toward, not at, George, in a half-frightened, doubtful manner, "if I thought you meant it I r'ally don't know what I'd say to 't."

"You needn't say nothin'," returned Uncle Thorne, rising hastily. "I'll go and see what the little gal's doin', and bring her round if I find her. You sit there and keep an eye on things till I come back."

"The better the day the better the deed," he thought, as he limped off. "I've been expecting 'em along for quite a while, and now I guess they've come."

And who should he mean by "they" if not the poor relations for whom he used jokingly to say he was keeping his little Paradise of a place in order.

"The child won't make no noise, for one thing," he reflected, as he walked along, his brown eyes taking note from under their shaggy brows of every group of children, men, and women as he passed. At last, having approached the ruins quite as near as he cared to do he stopped and asked a little girl if she could tell where Gussy was.

"Gussy Rockaway? to hum. I see her going in."

The house in which Rockaway lived was dismal enough, though orderly and neat. Orderliness and gloom. Uncle George Thorne felt chilled as he opened the door and looked in. There sat the little girl before the stove in which she had just kindled a fire; drooping and sad she looked. He knew nothing of the language by which she made herself intelligible to others, and others to her, and for a few seconds she surveyed her visitor in mute astonishment. And truly for a man of his age he did deport himself oddly. For the first thing the sexton did after he had enveloped her in the sunshine of a smile, was to shut the damper of the stove, take off the tea-kettle, fasten down the windows, wrap the loaf of bread which she had just placed on the table in a towel, and then put on her head the hat she had taken off but now, and over her shoulders throw the shawl he picked up from the chair where she had dropped it; this done he extended his hand, and Uncle Thorne would never, never in this life, forget the emotion he felt when she bravely took it, and held it with such womanly confidence, such childlike docility, and walked out with him; and then what *did she* think when she saw him lock the door of the dismal house and put the key in his pocket!

What could she have thought! It was all right, she believed. Mr. Thorne was going to take her to her grandfather, who got that ugly hurt last night. She was not so very much surprised, for our dull old world was always a wonderful world to the deaf and dumb girl; the strangest things were always happening in it. Talk about fairy-land!

When she saw that it was really to Mr. Thorne's own house that they were going, into the lovely garden which was such a blessing to that street, a smile overspread her sweet young face which made old Thorne feel that he must stoop down and kiss it. But the feeling sufficed for him. Indeed, where was the difference between it and the act?

The smile on her face assumed another character, and moved him still more, and in another way, when he led Gussy to the porch, and she saw her grandfather actually sitting there!

Well—what might be a long story shall be very short—the old wreck, Ralph Rockaway, was patched up in that dock-yard, until pronounced sea-worthy again. But those who so pronounced knew very well what they meant. It was not as a ship of the Royal line—a man-of-war—that the old tug would get a commission for deep waters. It must be content henceforth to do a coasting service, and in a small way at that.

One day when Uncle Thorne had learned so much of the sign language as to be able to converse with his little handmaiden, she said to him:

"Folks used to tell you kept this place so beautiful because you had relations you were expecting along. When are they coming?"

Why did she ask? Was she thinking with dread that when the new friends came the old must be going? She had looked more than usually thoughtful before she asked the question, and she waited for his answer with a gravity, but for the patience of it, too painful to think of. While waiting Gussy looked up at the stone-walls of the cottage which were embroidered so thickly with vines, and she noticed that among the branches of woodbine, and under the broad eaves, more than one dear little bird had built a nest. And indeed, she thought, how could they help building there! *Was* it better to love and to lose, than never to have?—she might have questioned Mr. Tennyson.

"They've come, I guess," said George to himself, and when she looked at him for an answer, this was the answer he had made. *Yes—his relations had arrived!* She needn't doubt about it—they had come, and were to stay.

Other friends had come and gone—counted also by him as akin—mourners who gathered bouquets from his garden to place on the graves of their lost ones; many a wreath of immortal flowers he had himself fashioned to lay on the chancel table, which should offer its rest to the dead body of Christian brother or sister on its way to the grave; many a time the fruits which ripened on his trees and walls had given refreshment to the fever-parched and the food-loathing; he had all his life been serving his poor relations, many of whom were not visibly mourners and poor, but lived in very gay places surrounded by fine shows of wealth, but now these had come to abide with him; the heart-ache was eased, the apprehension was lost, the fear had vanished.

A lady who had grown up under Thorne's eyes (he had rung her into Sunday-school first as a child and then as a teacher, and had got in young Mr. Matson to help him ring her into wedlock, and a merry peal it was that told her bridal hour) stood on his gravel-walk one morning looking at the humming-birds as they darted in and out among the trumpet-flowers.

"Uncle Thorne," said she, at the end of her reflective observation, "how did all this loveliness come about? The last time I was this way, yes, it was a good while ago, to be sure! there was only the stone-house and the beginning of things. It's a perfect palace of beauty now. What work it must have cost you!"

"When I went to work here, ma'am," said he, "it was a heap of a place, you're right. And I didn't know one flower from another. It's just growed on and on, the place has. I can't tell one of them flowers now from another, by the color of 'em. I'm color-blind......I've got a little of every body's ail—that's what made me acquainted with so many of my relations."

The lady pondered a moment on these seemingly inconsequent, disconnected words; she caught the queer smile lurking about Thorne's mouth.

"Ah, now," she said, with another smile, so different from his; yet she too knew what heart-ache was, and disappointment, and apprehension, and fear—"Ah, now, Uncle Thorne, your secret is out! You haven't any more poor relations than I have—but oh, you've treated them better! I'm poor enough to receive something of your charity, I will take a rose: a rose out of this garden. I wouldn't if I could, have it without a thorn."

When old Thorne died—for in due time the apprehension was verified and the fear pursued no longer, because it overtook and fell upon him and he conquered it—there was a young woman to follow him as a mourning daughter to the grave; all the church folk, and that girl besides. He held her hands in his dying hour, and it was not a lonely death-bed, for he saw tender love in the dear eyes that watched him. The thing he had sowed he reaped. Simple soul, did he not believe it would be so? God bless to us the memory of old George Thorne!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

QUEER KIND OF LOVE—A neuralgic affection.

An Irishman, fresh from Hibernia, caught a bumble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming-bird. "Och," he exclaimed, "how hot his fut'is!"

A PAGE ALWAYS GROWING—The Page of History.

A chap who was told by a clergyman to "remember Lot's wife," replied that he had trouble enough with his own without remembering other men's wives.

A STITCH IN TIME.—The latest novelty in sewing-machines is one that will follow the thread of an argument.

"First class in philosophy stand up. Brown, what is life?"

"Life consists of money, a horse, plenty of wine and cigars, and a fashionable wife."

"What is poverty?"

"The reward of merit which genius receives from a discriminating public."

"What is religion?"

"Going regularly to church in good weather, and doing unto others as you please without allowing a return of the compliment."

"What is fame?"

"A six-line puff in a newspaper."

A CURIOUS PLEA.—It appears that three young gentlemen of Glasgow, Scotland, have been sent to prison for thirty days for theft of a sow. In spite, however, of the physiological appearances of the animal, and the direct testimony of the prosecutor, the young men had the audacity to plead that the affair was a "lark!" The sheriff properly held that it was a pig, and the supposed "lark" has developed into three jail-birds.

DEFINITIONS OF CHARACTER.

Fine Fellow—The man who advertises in your paper, the man who never refuses to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sister.

Gentle People—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing for fear of spoiling her hands, the miss who wears thin shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

Industrious People—The young lady who reads romances in bed, the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who can not find time to answer your letter.

Unpopular Personages—The fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on a parade.

Timid People—A lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot at, and the steam-boat company with a case of cholera.

Dignified Men—A chit in a country town, a midshipman on a quarter-deck, and a school committee on examination-day.

Persecuted People—Woman by that tyrant man, boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large.

Unhappy People—Old bachelors and old maids.

Humble Person—The husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him much honor.

Mean People—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper.

Sensible People—You and I.

WHO, INDEED!—We heard the other day of a gentleman who "died without a will." "Died without a will," forsooth! who ever heard of a person who died "*with* a will!"

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE—Bourbon.

When Mr. Moody (Handkerchief Moody) was on a journey in the western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother in the ministry, on Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him if agreeable. The man appeared very glad to see him, and said:

"I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow, but I feel almost ashamed to ask you."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Mr. Moody.

"Why, our people have got into such a habit of going out before meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger."

"If that is all, I *must* and *will* stop and preach for you," was Mr. Moody's reply.

When the Sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting and named his text, he looked round on the assembly, and said:

"My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day, *saints* and *sinners*. Sinners, I am going to give your portion first, and I would have you give good attention."

When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused, and said:

"There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats and get out of the meeting-house as soon as you please." But all tarried and heard him through.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS—Domestic quarrels.

Some time ago Huntsville, Alabama, was under municipal law permitting only druggists to sell intoxicating liquors, and then only by a written order from a physician. It happened on a cold, rainy day, that a fast chap, whose name might have been Johnson, a drummer from a New York dry-goods' house, dropped into Huntsville, and, after stopping at the hotel, wrote a note and sent a little darkey to the drug-store for a bottle of whisky. The boy returned minus the whisky, but with information that a physician's order would bring it. It only required a moment to add "M.D." to Johnson's name attached to the note, and the whisky was forthcoming. The next day, in conversation with Johnson, the druggist addressed him as "doctor." "Beg pardon," said Johnson, "but I am no doctor." "But the *M.D.* to your name yesterday?" "Only stood for 'Mighty Dry,'" was the cool reply.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE—"Showing off" one's knowledge.

It is said that kisses, like the faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as a coal of fire, some as sweet as honey, some as milk, some as tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses have more nutmeg and cream than any other sort, and are consequently the most enjoyable of all.

"Patrick," said a priest to an Irishman, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well," replied Pat, "I may as well confess to your rivirence for the whole stack, for my wife and I are going to take the rest of it on the first dark night."

HOW TO WORK.—"Sukey, you've got an easy life of it," grumbled the Pot to the Kettle, "sitting there like a lady all day long, with nothing to do but boil a little water and sing a pretty song."

"I do what is given me to do, and do it cheerfully," said Sukey. "One can but be employed, and you, when you are sputtering over your pudding or potatoes, and the Fryingpan, when he is spitting with his cakes, are on no harder service really than I am; but every thing depends on the way you take work. *I sing over mine.*"

A certain man was married; he lost his wife and had a stone erected over her grave. He married a second wife, and when she died he had the tombstone split, and it thus served for the two departed. He proposed to a third, and the lady quaintly remarked: "I do not believe that stone will split again." A refusal.

AN EXCURSION TRAIN—A lady's walking dress.

A "great brute of a husband" advertised in the morning papers for a strong, able-bodied man to hold his wife's tongue.

NONSENSE PROVERBS.

What's in the pot mustn't be told to the pan.
There's a mouth for every muffin.
A clear soup and no flavor.
All rind and no cheese.
Set a beggar on horseback, and he will cheat the livery-stable keeper.
There's a B in every bonnet.
First catch your heir, then hook him.
Every plum has its pudding.
Short pipes make long smokes.
It's a long lane that has no blackberries.
Wind and weather come together.
A flower in the button-hole is worth two on the bush.
Round robin is a shy bird.
There's a shiny lining to every hat.
The longest dinner will come to an end.
You must take the pips with the orange.
It's a wise dentist that knows his own teeth.
No rose without a gardener.
Better to marry in May than not to marry at all.
Too many followers spoil the cook. (N.B. This is *not* nonsense.)

HOW TO IMPROVE A LADY'S LOOKS—Put one hundred thousand dollars into her pocket.

THE PRIME MINISTER—One who eschews long sermons.

A doting mother of a waggish boy, having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labeled them, "Put up by Mrs. D——." Johnny, having discovered them, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny D——."

MAY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"I CAN NOT SING THE OLD SONGS."—[See Page 314.]

MAY-DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

All nature seems to know when May has come; and May-Day is Nature's holiday as well as the children's—at least it is so in our climate. The naked severities of winter have then vanished, and the earth is newly born. Then begins that procession of growth which culminates in the pomps of glorious summer. It is Nature's birth-period—the time of beginning for flowers, and for the singing-birds, for the humming bees, and for the unfolding forest leaves. The pulse of the world is felt again, as if it were a fresh start—as if all things had once suffered death, and were now budding forth and palpitating into resurrection. It is therefore a season of hope. We hear the almost audible voice of God "walking in the garden"—not in the garden where hide the guilty Adam and Eve, but in that where the innocent children are playing—and proclaiming, "There has been an Easter-morn! Come and see that the dead are indeed risen!"

If we are old this season carries us back to the freshness of our childhood, and we seem to be again among the well-known hills, dancing round the May-pole or gathering May-flowers. In his illustration of May-Day in the Country Mr. Herrick has been happy in the choice of his subject; and our artist has pleasantly framed in the happy little group with the trailing arbutus, one of the prime objects of a May-Day's search. "Who, in the beautiful days of spring," asks a contemporary, "does not feel a stir in the pulse, and recall a memory of happy days in the past, when it was a pleasure to go in search of this earliest of the spring flowers, this token of sunny days and leafy woods, of balmy winds and smiling skies? Sometimes it was a secluded nook, close by the side of the snow-drift, or the gnarled roots of an ancient forest tree, which concealed the treasure; and sometimes on a sunny bank you caught the beauty of its laughing eye, and inhaled the fragrance of its dainty breath. The wild woods rang with the merry shouts of those who, bending low, had pulled from under the leaves wet trailing masses, where among tufts of rough, roundish leaves were the delicious blossoms delicately fashioned by fairy fingers, flushed with warm pink, and breathing the spicy odors of Araby the Blest. No gardener has trained this darling of the forest, no hot-house culture has changed its simple nature, but in beauty, grace, and fragrance it surpasses the gorgeous inmates of the gardens. Its pure lips are made of air and dew, it glistens like a star, and its color is that of the morning dawn. Poets have immortalized it, painters have transferred its glowing beauties to canvas; but poem and picture can not set the blood bounding in the veins as does the sight of a little clump of its starry blossoms."

We shall not attempt to put in words the story which Mr. Herrick has so well told in his picture. We will only express our hope that on this first of May our young readers are all enjoying themselves as heartily as the little group in his picture seem to be doing.

I CAN NOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

The simple pathos of the engraving which we reproduce on page 313 will most commend it to the readers of the *Weekly*. A fair girl, just passing into womanhood, in deepest mourning for one near and dear—it may be even for the life-mate of hope and love—checked by choking emotion in the first essay after bereavement to recall the melodies of happy hours gracefully spent, and turning away from the thrilling chords of the familiar accompaniment with a sigh, the burden of which is conveyed in the title—itself the refrain of an old song of wailing memories—is a subject which our engraving will, in more appropriate silence, address to the sympathies of the reader.

DAME GIACINTA'S STORY.

"You must know, most noble *cavaliere*"—Dame Giacinta began—"that I was not city-bred, but born some four leagues hence, on the lands of the Vidoni, which stretch along Lake Bientina; in the service of which family I abode till the castle and fief changed masters; then I came hither to abide with mine uncle, in whose house, Matteo, my good-man, found me, and wedded me—despite my thirty years. The Florentines slew my father before I knew his face; and in that same battle Messer Geronimo Vidoni was wounded mortally. His widow Donna Agatha, was very kind to my mother, and would have her always near her own person, albeit she was too weakly to be of great use as bower-woman; and when, five years later, I was left orphan, caused me to be educated—it may be somewhat above my station; while she lived I never lost her favor, though she was too wise to spoil me. Her son, too, was pleased to show me no small favor. Messer Marco was but a youth when he became head of his house; but both in bearing and in spirit he was older than his years. Such as knew him well liked him well, for he was true, and brave, and generous, to the heart's core; but he was no general favorite with men or women, being rough and curt of speech, and something imperious of manner; neither did he affect the company of neighbors. Even in hunting or hawking he mostly took his pleasure alone, and seldom cared to show himself in the tilt-yard—holding all other courtly pastimes in utter scorn. The Lady Agatha used sometimes to lament this to me, and to wish that Messer Marco could be prevailed on to wed. A gentle, fitting helpmate—she thought—might do much toward causing him to take such a place among his equals as beseemed the chief of the Vidoni. So she cast her eyes round about heedfully, till they lit on a damsel of good birth and breeding—daughter to one of the Spinetti—who had just returned home from the Carmelite convent, where she had been nurtured by the special care of the abbess.

"Doubtless the Lady Maddalena was rarely beautiful; but, had I been a man, I would as lieve have wived with one of the fair saints that Sêr Giotto limned so deftly. Her cheeks might have been as snow-flakes, for all the flush that love or anger ever brought out thereon; her eyes might have been wrought in sapphire; and her very smile—she smiled but seldom, save the mark!—was frozen too. I do not think, at first, Messer Marco was much drawn toward the maiden; but in most things he let his mother have her way, and perchance was somewhat weary of hearing from her lips 'that if he cared not for wedlock, it still was his bounden duty in such troublous times to provide his house with an heir;' so he gave assent a little sullenly, making condition that he should be troubled with no formal wooing. Indeed, he scarce saw the bride half-a-score of times, before he brought her home.

"The change that came over Messer Marco, within a year, was near akin to witchcraft. I was appointed the Lady Maddalena's own tiring-woman, so I saw it all. Before they had been married two months he loved her with all his soul and strength; but she never seemed to notice his passion—much less to return it. It angered me past patience to watch his full brown face waxing thin and drawn, and his eyes hollower and brighter; while morning or evening brought no change in her small, white, demure face. It would have been better if she had shown fear or loathing of him than that deathly coldness; but she would only draw herself slowly away if he came too near, or murmur if he wrung her hand too hard—'I pray you be not so rough; you crush my fingers'—looking all the while like a virgin martyr. I can not guess if the Lady Agatha found out that she had made a mistake. She was not the woman to confess such things to any living creature; if it was so, she had not long space to repent herself; for the marsh fever carried her off suddenly in the eighth month after the wedding. She passed away at last very happily and calmly, blessing both her children, and praying that God, in his own time, would be pleased to remove from them the curse of barrenness.

"My good mistress would scarce have been happy, even in heaven, if she could have seen how things went on after she died. Messer Marco grew weary of wooing his white statue—moreover, he fancied she mourned his mother less than was becoming. His temper grew fierce at times, and his tongue would utter wild words when it slipped its bridle. From being sober as an anchorite he betook himself to deep drinking—though I never saw him utterly besotted with wine. All the while his wife never stirred one of her baby fingers to beckon him back from the road he was treading—but looked on, placid and meek—smiling perchance, now and then, a little scornfully—just as if she had been watching, from a safe distance, the gambols of a big boarhound. I began to hate her—I know not why—and I think she perceived this: though her words were always sweet and meek, her voice seemed to grow harder while speaking to me at times.

"When we first heard of our bride there was much talk of her piety; and she took marvelous good care to keep up her credit for the same at Castel Vidoni. *Benedicte!* the good old chaplain who had shrived the Vidoni and their household for a score of years, might not serve our new mistress's turn. She prayed from the first to be allowed to keep her own confessor—a brother of the Franciscan monastery at Gallano—who had waited on her in her father's house ever since she left the Carmelite convent. Poor Donna Agatha, I remember, thought the request very reasonable, and worthy of such a paragon as she had chosen; and Messer Marco objected to nothing then; nor indeed up to the very last did he interfere with his wife's religious exercises.

"I am but a chattering beldam now, and then I was not a jot quicker of wit or of sight than other tiring-women; yet I profess that I disliked and distrusted Fra Rèmo's sallow face from the first instant I set eyes on it. He might look as cool and saintly as he would, and droop the lids over his greedy black eyes, and press his lips together to keep down bitter words; but he could not keep the round red spots from coming out on his cheek-bone, nor his fingers from quivering under his robe. The first time I marked those signs was one evening, when wild weather constrained him to tarry at the castle, for the floods were out. Donna Agatha was ill at ease, so the monk sat at supper with my master and mistress alone—'twas the merest form; he touched naught but bread and fair water. It was my duty to stand behind the Lady Maddalena's chair, to fetch aught she might require from her chamber. Messer Marco had not yet fallen into the evil habits whereof I spake; but the night was sultry, and he had been less sparing of the flask than usual: his mood seemed somewhat jocund, and once—speaking to his wife—he put forth his hand and pinched her ear betwixt his fingers.

"My good-man was ever too easily moved to jealousy—the saints wot, with little cause—but he never would have chafed at seeing such a caress bestowed on me by my cousin. It was marvel, to see the Lady Maddalena shrink away as though her husband's touch profaned her; yet I watched not her so narrowly as I did the priest. It was a light scandal, after all, to make the blood flush so in his cheek, and set his fingers twitching in his sleeve. I understood none of these things then; but the time came when I understood them all. As I said, matters went from bad to worse after Donna Agatha's death, and came at last to this—that the Lady Maddalena would no longer share her husband's chamber, alleging that she feared his violent humors, especially when heated by wine. Perchance, Messer Marco was ashamed to contradict her; any how, he let her have her own way, sullenly. Thenceforward, she lived almost like a recluse; never going abroad save when, at stated times, she went in her litter to confession or other religious exercise in the church of San Francisco at Gallano; Fra Rèmo came very rarely to Castel Vidoni, fearing, it was thought, insult if not injury; for our lord had looked askance at him more than once lately, vouchsafing no greeting beyond a growl in his beard.

"In our household there was one Giuseppe Bandello, whose father and grandsire had been falconers before him to the Vidoni—a faithful servant enough and exceeding expert in his calling, but cross-grained in temper, and disliked by all save Messer Marco, who trusted him entirely. For some time Giuseppe's countenance had been gloomier than usual, and he went about muttering to himself as though some load on his mind troubled him; but none of us cared to ask what ailed him. One day he and Messer Marco went out, as was their wont, hawking alone together. I chanced to be crossing the great hall when they returned, and I saw, from my lord's face that something had perturbed him strangely, so that I could not forbear questioning him; but he only laughed out loud—though all the while his lips twisted and writhed as though in pain—and bade me send him in wine speedily, for his mouth was parched with drought; saying that nothing worse had happened than that his fair falcon Bianca had spiked herself on a heron's beak, so that the twain lay dead together by the side of the marsh. As I was leaving the hall, he called me back sharply, and asked whether my lady did not purpose on the morrow to visit the church at Gallano. I answered him yea; for she had charged me to see that her litter was ready early, though she would have none of my company. He nodded his head without speaking—draining two or three beakers of wine but tasting no food—called for a fresh horse, and rode forth alone; though it was past the hour of the Angelus, and the skies were overcast.

"Nigh ten days ago, Fra Rèmo had set forth for Rome on some special mission; he was much trusted and esteemed by his Order, and it was thought would ere long rise high therein. Her confessor had been absent more than once before, and then the Lady Maddalena was content to be shriven always by a certain Fra Anselmo—an aged monk, of great repute for sanctity. On such occasions I had noticed that my lady's devout exercises were gotten over much quicker than when Fra Rèmo guided them. All that night and the next morning passed without any signs of Messer Marco. My lady never troubled herself concerning his movements, and asked no questions now as to whither he was gone, or for how long; but she went to Gallano as she had purposed, and had been home again some two hours when my lord returned.

"I was looking from the window into the court-yard when he rode in, and I hasted down to ask what ailed him. I thought for sure he was sickening of the same fever that carried off his mother. His lips looked black and parched; and his eyes burned like lamps in the midst of his wan face; and, instead of sitting in saddle tall and square, he seemed all bent and shrunken together; and his chin was down on his breast, as if he were too weak to lift it. His voice, too, when he spoke, was quite weak and piping, though it got stronger afterward. He said there was naught amiss with him, save perchance some slight chill from the night dews, and that he would be well again when he had eaten and drunken. He bade me tell them hasten with supper, and pray the Lady Maddalena not to fail to bear him company thereat, as it was the feast day of San Marco, his patron; for on occasion of fast or vigil my mistress kept her own chamber. Right few words were spoken at supper; but Messer Marco's manner was so different from what it had been of late—so very quiet and gentle—that my lady's pale blue eyes opened wide in surprise more than once. He seemed to have forgotten his hunger and thirst, though; for he scarce ate any thing, and drank only a cup or so till supper was over; then he prayed my lady to pledge him before she rose from table, from a certain flagon which had stood before him untouched.

"'Tis Monte-pulciano, near a century old—a very rare wine,' said he—'so rare, that only once, Maddalena *mia*, have you tasted it. My father had but six flasks thereof; he drained one the day I was born; another you deigned to taste when you crossed this threshold as bride; and 'tis my fancy—I know not why—to empty another to-night. I pray you balk it not. If you will drink to naught else, drink to my better life and manners:—both, I shame to say, need amending.'

"My lady bowed her head very coldly, as she took the cup in both her little hands; yet she seemed to like the flavor of the liquor, for her draught was longer than I had ever seen it. Generally she would only sip like a bird. All the while Messer Marco's eyes were fixed on her, so eagerly, that he himself forgot to drink.

"'Heaven prosper your good intent'—she said, in her meek, quiet way, as she set the cup down; and so passed out of the hall, as light as a shadow.

"It was my lady's fancy to bide mostly alone in her inner chamber, whence opened her oratory; so I sat with my broidery-work in the outer room, within hearing of her silver bell. I might have been there an hour or so, and had fallen a-musing over my work, when the door opened and my mistress stood there, beckoning. I saw at once she was in mortal sickness or pain; for she was deathly white, and kept gasping and moaning, with her two hands clasped hard across her breast. I carried her back to her bed and then shrieked for help as loud as I was able. When the other bower-women came I ran down myself to the hall—to tell my lord what had happened. He did not seem to heed me; but sat there like a man in a dream, and when I plucked him by the sleeve, and cried to him 'for Christ's sake to come quickly,' he only shook me off, and said in a hoarse, hollow voice:

"'Bid her sleep; all will be well, when she sleeps.'

"I dared not stay, lest my help should be needed up stairs; so I hastened back thither, but I was too late to be of use; and later still was the leech, though he dwelt hard by, and was summoned by a servitor on the first alarm. My lady never spoke one word that could be understood, but only shivered and moaned. And the moans and the shudders grew weaker and weaker, till she lay at last, still and cold, like a crushed white lily.

"I had small liking for my mistress, as I have owned; but I felt as sorry then as if I had loved her; and I was weeping and making moan among the other women gathered round the bed, when Messer Marco's voice from the doorway made me start and turn.

"'Wherefore this outcry?' he asked. 'Fear ye not to wake her; for she must needs be sleeping?'

"Then Sêr Geronimo, the leech, came out of the shadow—trembling; for wild tales had gone abroad of late concerning Messer Marco's temper.

"'Alas! my lord,' he said, 'be not deceived; slumbers such as these can only be broken by the Judgment-trumpet. The noble Lady Maddalena's spirit has passed away but now, from some sudden seizure, as I think, of the heart.'

"Messer Marco looked at him, in the same dreamy way as he had looked at me in the hall but now.

"'Ay, and is it so?' he said. 'Then hath earth lost a fair saint, and heaven gained a fair-faced angel. Now I know what I have to do.' And so went out.

"A dreadful suspicion shot across my mind, making me cold and faint; but I had known my master even from boyhood, when there was a kind heart's core under the rough rind, and I could not leave him alone just then. So I followed him out, and caught him by the mantle and prayed him—as well as I could, for my chattering teeth—to let me do somewhat to help him in his sorrow. He drew himself out of my grasp—so quickly that I thought he was angered—saying,

"'Nay, touch me not, good Giacinta; I have no ailment thou canst heal. Trust me; I am best alone. But call me hither my page Pietro. He must carry a message forthwith.'

"I stood without and listened while my master bespoke the page.

"'Ride down at speed to the Franciscan convent at Gallano; and, after commending me to the Prior, bid him see that neither mass nor trental, nor any due office be omitted for the rest of thy lady's soul. She hath deserved well of their Order, and the first word of her decease should set all the bells a-tolling. And specially pray Fra Rèmo to come up hither instantly: I heard yesternight that he would be home earlier than he had reckoned on, and by this time he may well be returned. As he shrived thy lady living, so let him assoilzie her dead. None other, with my good leave, shall usurp his ministry.'

"So Pietro departed. Messer Marco locked himself in his own chamber; while the women, as in duty bound, laid out decently the lovely white corpse. It might have been some two hours before Fra Rèmo arrived. My master had heard of his coming ere I did; but I saw their meeting in that same room where I had been sitting as I told you. Beyond this again there was a third apartment, used only as an ante-chamber. Fra Rèmo's countenance was very much changed; there was a kind of a blank horror thereon, hard to describe, and purple circles under his eyes, as if marked with a brush; brace his lips as he would, he could not keep them from twitching; nevertheless, in fair set terms, he began to condole with my master—suggesting the duty of resignation and so forth; and furthermore, that the change (albeit so sudden) must needs have been for the benefit of the departed lady. Messer Marco cut him short at once.

"'Trouble not yourself, reverend father, concerning a graceless sinner, when a saint lies within there waiting your last offices. Nathless, though I bear my burdens after mine own fashion, I may not spurn your consolations: when your ministry is fully performed you will find me ready to receive them here.'

"Then Messer Marco bade all go forth, save Pietro the page. Into his ear he whispered some words that I could not catch; but I questioned the boy when he came out, and learned that he had been bidden to fetch from below two goblets, and the jeweled flagon holding the famous Monte-pulciano. I knew not why, but the chill fluttering at my heart increased every instant, and there was a faint sickly savor in my nostrils like the savor of death. So I crouched down behind the curtains in the third or ante-chamber, while Pietro passed through after leaving the wine; and, when I heard the door locked from within, I crept forward and laid mine eye to the keyhole—through which it was easy both to see and hear. Messer Marco sat with his elbows resting on the table and his face buried in his hands. He never stirred till the door of the inner room opened softly and Fra Rèmo came forth. The monk looked still more ill at ease than he had done half an hour agone. He kept wetting his parched lips with his tongue; and I could see his eyes turn, first in surprise, then in eagerness, toward the great golden flagon. Certes, Messer Marco saw this as well as I, for he smiled in a strange fashion as he beckoned the other to draw near.

"'Reverend father,' he said, 'you are con-

tinent in diet and drink, as in all things else, I know; nevertheless, your vow forbids you not to touch wine for mere health's sake. Albeit we are neither of us in mood for feasting, a draught of this rare liquor may serve as a cordial now, to keep our hearts from fainting in their heaviness. Do me right, I pray you, in this one goblet.'

"So Messer Marco took up the flagon; and with a steady hand poured out the precious liquor, that sparkled in the lamp-light, though it gurgled out slowly like oil. The monk drank with such fierce eagerness that I doubt if a fly could have slaked its thirst from his empty goblet; but Messer Marco's was scarcely tasted when he set it down; he half concealed the cup with the broad sleeve of his mantlet, so that for a while Fra Rèmo noticed this not.

"'Now shall we be better able to speak of my loss,' Vidoni said. 'A cruel one, is it not, reverend father? And so cruelly sudden too! I fear me, I never prized aright my sainted Maddalena, while she tarried with me. Ah! she was too good for earth, and too gentle for one rude and unmannerly as I; yet, peradventure—I speak this humbly and under correction—it might have been better, if she had thought her husband's soul worth caring for when her own was safe; and if she had beckoned him sometimes to follow along the narrow path whereof you priests discourse, instead of letting him hurry down the broad road after his own devices.'

"'Nay, nay, fair son,' the monk answered, huskily. 'Wrong not so the dead, I beseech you. That devout lady was no less anxious, I well believe, for your eternal weal than for her own, and you were ever named in her prayers.'

"My master's laugh was like the bark of an angered hound.

"'Then she had her own method of showing her carefulness, even as she had her own method of discharging wifely duty. You were her confessor, Fra Rèmo: wherefore you have not to learn that, for these years past, I have won from her neither favor nor mark of tenderness—more than sister might bestow on brother. Ay! even of such she waxed more niggard day by day. Yet I strove for her love harder than many men strive for heaven; and, even when my mood seemed roughest, unless my brain were distraught by drink, I watched for some sign of softening or glance of pity, as one perishing of famine waits for the food that will never come. I deemed it mine own fault, for having mated myself with one far above my level; and tried to think it not strange that angels should keep their wings from soiling. I well-nigh laughed at first, when, two days agone, Giuseppe, my falconer, came to me with a strange tale. 'Tis a shrewd knave, though a sullen, and hath eyes like one of his own hawks—eyes, Fra Rèmo, that from the top of a high pine-tree can pierce even into a lady's bower. Ha! why look you so aghast? Can it be that your favorite penitent kept back somewhat at her last confession? Take another cup of Monte-pulciano. 'Twill stop the fluttering of your pulse, mayhap. "Her last confession," said I? No, no. Her *last* you heard not; I will tell you why.'

"My heart stopped beating, as, looking through the keyhole, I saw the friar's face turn from sallow to ashen-gray, till its color might have matched his robe.

"'What think you of my scheme?' Messer Marco went on. 'The maddest freak surely that ever crossed a drunkard's brain—yet rare sport came of it. I knew that my pious dame purposed to attend at your church of San Francisco this morning—there, in your reverence's absence, to confess herself to Fra Anselmo. So I rode down, and lay in Gallano yesternight; and caused a fashioner with whom I have dealt to provide me with a Franciscan habit. Also, very early in the morning I caused a forged message to be conveyed to the said Fra Anselmo; bidding him set off instantly, to attend the death-bed of that wealthy and devout widow Catania Pratellesi. The holy man, unwitting of the more honorable penitent then on her road, went forth with speed. It repented me to beguile his age and infirmity; but there was no other way; and so only could I compass mine end. In my Franciscan's robe and cowl I lurked in shady corners of the church—peering out from the porch now and then—till my Maddalena's litter drew up at the gate. Then I slid stealthily into a certain confessional, and drew the bolt. So my wife came; and, finding the door shut, guessed that none other than Fra Anselmo could be within. And thus it came about that I heard— Fra Rèmo, can you guess what I heard? Aha! There's blood enough in your cheeks now, even without a second draught of Monte-pulciano.'

"In truth, a dark red flush had surged over the monk's face and brow, up to the tonsure. I thought the falling-sickness was upon him as he stood up—rocking on his hands that rested on the table—with awful fear and rage in his staring eyes. Messer Marco rose up too, and with his strong arm thrust the priest back rudely into his chair.

"'Sit down!' he went on, low through his teeth. 'Sit down—or, by Christ's body, you shall feel my dagger-point. I have not yet said *all* my say. I heard, that—instead of a pure maiden I brought home a harlot in thought—ay, and soon after, a harlot in deed. I learned that oftentimes—when she shrunk from my lawful caress as though it were taint, her lips were reeking from kisses, and the prints of lustful fingers were fresh on her neck. I learned, too, *who* it was that trained her to dishonor, taught her to carry her shame haughtily, and how to hoodwink her cuckold. I let her finish, and mumbled out something that passed for absolution—I doubt if it helps her much now—so she departed, lightened in spirit, and ready to sin again. I called her by no hard names when we met; only I prayed earnestly that she would sup with me. She did so to-night, and she drank of that same liquor which so tickled your palate. An hour later she lay within there; waiting—as she had done a score of times before, Fra Rèmo—waiting for you—cold as you found her. Ha! have I touched you more nearly now? And do you feel aught working in your veins—save Monte-pulciano a century old? *Per Dio!* You have rare luck: never a one in Sacred College hath tasted better liquor than that which brings you death—you a simple priest. Now, whether ye like it or not, you shall drain one more cup to the days that are gone, and your pleasant paramour. Ye will not? Nay then'—leaping up, he caught the monk by the throat.

"I could find no voice to scream; but I beat on the door till my hands bled, and made shift to call on my master by his name. If he heard he heeded not; for he never turned his head nor shifted his knee or his hand after once he got the friar down. I could not take my eye from the keyhole, though the iron seemed to burn it. I could not faint either, or shut mine ears against the hard breathing, and the horrible choking gurgle, and the hoarse rattle that ended all. When at last Messer Marco rose, shaking himself, there lay on the floor, beyond, a ghastly tumbled gray heap; from which stretched out two sandaled feet, still quivering. After a pause my master walked toward the door. The power to move came back to me then, in the very extremity of my fear; for I thought that he was angered at my watching, and was coming forth to slay me likewise. So I staggered to one of the windows—I know not how—and strove to hide myself under the curtains. While I was cowering there, Messer Marco's voice sounded close to my ear, speaking low and gently, as I had never heard it speak since the night his mother died.

"'Ah! my poor Giacinta, thou hast seen, then, and knowest all. I have a lie ready for the rest of mine household to account for yonder carrion, but I palter not so with thee. Thou mayest betray me if thou wilt—I think thou wilt not. Fear not that any, save one, shall come to blame for what hath been done here; if needs be I will avouch my own handiwork. Go and call Pietro now: for I must to Pisa to-night—there to take counsel with my trusty cousin, who shall advise me whether it be best for me to bide or flee.'

"Betray him! He might well be safe against that. I straightened myself and strove hard to be calm, while my master's call rang through the corridor; and, shortly after, I heard him charge the page to see his sorrel saddled instantly, and to send once again for the leech—who had already left the castle—for that Fra Rèmo had fallen down in a fit. Then he returned and passed into the innermost chamber, closing the door behind him. Besides this, there was between us the chamber in which the other corpse lay: nevertheless, I could hear quite plainly my Lord Marco sobbing as though his heart were broken—so in very truth it was—and I could hear him calling the dead woman by all manner of fond names, such as he had never used since the old days when he did not think the winning of her love was utterly hopeless. Then, by Heaven's grace, I too fell a-weeping—for I think, without those tears, my brain would have turned with grief and horror. At last the steps of Sêr Geronimo the leech, and others, were heard in the corridor without, and they knocked for admittance. Then my master came forth and crossed the second chamber, without glancing aside at the friar's corpse. Indeed, I think he would have gone out without noticing me; but I felt, I can not tell why, that I should look upon his face no more; so I stopped him, and knelt down before them all, and pressed my lips upon his hand—though it was blackened with guilt now, it had stroked my head kindly when I was a little child—and prayed that God would help and forgive him. I doubt if he understood my words; but he tried to smile as he stooped his haggard face down close to mine, and just touched my forehead with his lips. Then, speaking to none else, and staring always straight before him—he went out; and, two minutes later, I heard the rattle of his horse's hoofs in the court-yard beneath.

"I dared not go with the rest into the second chamber; but they told me afterward that Sêr Geronimo shook his head as he knelt by Fra Rèmo's corpse, and that others beside him noticed purple marks on the throat that could scarce be accounted for by the fit of the falling sickness. But it was the business of none there to be over-curious; and the Franciscans, when they heard the news, and came to fetch their dead away, raised no question: perchance Fra Anselmo had warned his brethren to avoid unprofitable scandal. Unprofitable of a truth it would have been: before dawn the sorrel wandered back with splashes of blood on saddle and housing; and those who went forth to search found Marco Vidoni stone-dead in a pine-wood not a league from his own gate. Riding through the dark at furious speed, his skull had been dashed against a trunk leaning somewhat athwart the road, and he could not have lived a second after the shock.

"Bernando Vidoni, the cousin of whom my poor master spake, soon came from Pisa, and saw the double funeral celebrated with due pomp and solemnity. He was a good man and a kindly, and would have driven none of the old household forth. But few of us had the heart to take service under a new master; and I went with the rest to this city, where some of my kindred abode; and before I had tarried very long with these my good Matteo found me out and wooed and wedded me. We have been very happy since in our humdrum fashion; but always when this day comes round I rise with a heart as heavy as lead, and it is never lightened till I have recited many *Aves*, and spent some space in prayer. And, should bread be harder to win than it hath ever been with us, I will still find coins enow to provide a mass in behalf of all who passed to their compt that night unannealed, and a special one to boot for poor Messer Marco's soul."

SO FAR—SO FAR AWAY.

So far away! So far away!
  Thy stars are not the stars I see;
With me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,
  And day and night are one to me.
    So far—so far away!

I faint beneath those wandering airs
  Whose wings around the world go free;
I snatch at straws the whirlwind bears—
  Touched they the land that blooms for thee
    So far—so far away?

The forms that near me breathe and move,
  Like visions rise, like visions flee;
I can not live to other love,
  My soul has crossed the deep to thee
    So far—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,
  The heavens have lost their light for me,
The voice of joy breathes not a sound,
  And hope swoons dead on yonder sea
    So far—so far away!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The new method of embalming dead bodies seems to be a complete success. Recently a subject who died early in February, and was treated by the process of Professor Seely a few days after death, was examined at Bellevue Hospital. It presented a thoroughly natural appearance, and was perfectly preserved. Thus, by the application of a simple wash, and without any mutilation, the bodies of deceased friends may be preserved unchanged for an indefinite period. It is claimed that they will last a century. Also this invention places in the hands of scientific men the means of preserving the subjects of their necessary studies without the special difficulties which have hitherto been unavoidable.

A very peculiar "slander case" is said to be about to appear in our city courts. A lady brings an action for slander against a gentleman, on the ground that he "on divers occasions has said, she is my wife, and I can prove it." The defendant affirms that while the lady was a teacher in a public school and he a member of a State volunteer regiment they became engaged; and when it was probable that he should be "ordered to the front," they agreed to be married, and went privately to a clergyman's house, where the ceremony was performed in presence of witnesses. He states that after the close of the war he engaged in mercantile business, and went to the house of the lady's relatives to board; and although they resided under the same roof the marriage was still kept secret. But after a while the lady took a dislike to the gentleman; various troubles followed, and finally a suit has been commenced against him for slander in affirming that she is his wife. The lady positively denies all the gentleman affirms; says that she never was married to this or any other gentleman, and that she never was at the clergyman's house on any occasion. It is certainly a novel case.

An ingenious writer, from careful investigations in regard to the milk used in London, has arrived at the conclusion that the number of cows supplying the metropolis is not more than sufficient to provide each person with about a table-spoonful per day. What is sold under the name of "milk" often contains useless and injurious adulterating ingredients. Water, of course, is largely used, not in London alone, but extensively in this country, especially in large cities. The pale little children are thus daily robbed of the nutrition their food should contain. They fade away without any startling disease, and die of infant marasmus. And it is regarded as a sad and inscrutable providence. But adulteration with water is not the only one to which milk is subjected. Large quantities of water make the milk look too blue; so it is needful to add various substances to give it a richer color; molasses or sirup to sweeten, and salt to flavor it. Analysis has also shown the presence of starch, chalk, soda, gum-tragacanth, and other articles far less pleasant to think about. We once knew a good lady, living not a thousand miles distant, who had a fancy for always straining her milk after she received it from the milkman. One morning this straining process disclosed what the country boys call a "polliwog," as lively and brisk as if in its native element. She had never heard that a *bona fide* cow gave "polliwogs," and the evidence was to her conclusive that the services of the "cow with the iron tail" had been called into requisition. But no such simple process as straining will detect all of the articles which we consume in the form of milk. Therefore the best we can do is to purchase of reliable dealers, and to test the purity of milk by such ordinary means as we can command.

It is said of a fashionable lady, who went to a party not long since, that she arrived there about the first of the evening, but the last of her dress did not arrive until after twelve o'clock.

A terrific hurricane and hail-storm lately occurred in Prairie County, Arkansas, by which houses, fences, and trees were prostrated, and many persons seriously injured. The whirlwind seems to have chosen an erratic course, and to have picked out special localities in which to wreak its fury. During the progress of this hail-storm pieces of ice of irregular shape, from the size of a walnut to that of an ordinary glass tumbler, were projected upon the ground with fearful effect.

"How things 'got into the papers,'" remarks the author of "Five Hundred Pounds Reward," in describing Mrs. Maldon, the landlady of St. Mark's Bay Hotel, "had always been rather a mystery to her; but she accepted the fact of editorial omniscience just in the same blind way that all women believe in machinery. Tell them a thing is done by machinery and difficulties vanish at once. There's nothing left to think about. A machine is a machine, just as a conjuror is a conjuror; and to push the matter farther would be simply to blunder into a world of things which nobody understands."

Whether all women have a blind "belief in machinery"—except in that which constitutes the sewing-machine—may be questionable. But certainly neither men nor women need place implicit confidence in many of the "things" that "get into the papers" nowadays. Such strange reports, such extraordinary stories appear in sundry newspapers under the guise of truth, but in reality made up, as the saying is, "out of whole cloth" to produce a sensation, that one really knows not what to believe. Nevertheless we *must* have our newspaper which tells of so many wondrous things:

"It makes us weep at tales of woe—it fills our hearts with mirth;
It tells us of the price of stock—how much produce is worth;
And when, and where, and how, and why, strange things occur on earth.
Has war's loud clarion called to arms? has lightning struck a tree?
Has Jenkins broke his leg? or has there been a storm at sea?
Has the sea-serpent shown his head? a comet's head been seen?
Or has some heiress with her groom run off to Gretna Green?
All this, and many wonders more, from daily sheets you glean."

A well-known literary gentleman, who has been a smoker for thirty years, has completely abandoned the habit, and is all the better for it. He says: "I have less headache, I enjoy exercise more, and step out much more vigorously. My room is cleaner. I think I am rather better tempered, as well as more cheerful and satisfied. I endure the inevitable ills of life with more fortitude, and look forward more hopefully to the coming years. It did not pay to smoke; but most decidedly it pays to stop smoking."

From San Francisco we learn that a new material is now being used for mattresses. It is made from the soap root, which grows in unlimited quantities near the mountains of the Sierra range. It is a bulbous root, enveloped in a very tough and supple fibre, resembling somewhat the husk of a cocoa-nut in color and appearance, but nearly as tough as whalebone. The manufactured article is fully equal to curled hair, and makes comfortable, useful, and healthful beds. A factory has been built on Little Bear River, about a mile from Dutch Flat, which is now employing a large number of men.

The *Phrenological Journal* thus discourses: "If you would have a loving wife be as gentle after as before marriage; treat her as tenderly when a matron as when a miss; don't make her maid-of-all-work, and ask why she looks less tidy and neat than when 'you first knew her;' don't buy cheap beef, and scold because it does not come on the table 'porter-house;' don't grumble about squalling babies if you can not keep up a 'nursery,' and remember that 'baby may take after its papa' in disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco, and thus shatter your nerves, spoil your temper, make your breath a nuisance, and then complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful, and tell your wife the good news, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the 'club,' and let her afterward learn that you spent the evening at the opera with Mrs. Dash."

Nothing gives the interior of a house a more cleanly and cheerful aspect than frequent whitewashing or whitening. The most common and inexpensive kind of lime whitewash is a great purifier. A fine brilliant wash is obtained by mixing "Paris-white" with glue, in the proportion of sixteen pounds to half a pound of glue. The glue should be the white, transparent kind. It should be covered with cold water at night, and in the morning carefully heated until dissolved. The Paris-white should be stirred into hot water until it is of the proper milky consistency for applying to the walls, and the dissolved glue added and thoroughly mixed. This recipe is considered one of the best, and has the merit of being inexpensive.

A Frenchman who died in penury had preserved, as interesting mementoes, the corks of the bottles with which he had in better days sumptuously entertained his friends. These corks bore melancholy inscriptions, testifying the depravity of human nature. For example:

"Champagne cork; bottle emptied 12th of May, 1843, with Mr. B——, who wished to interest me in a business by which I was to make 10,000,000 francs. This affair cost me 50,000 francs. Mr. B. escaped to Belgium. A caution to amateurs."

"Cork of Cyprus wine, of a bottle emptied on the 4th of December, 1850, with a dozen fast friends. Of these I have not found a single one to help me on the day of my ruin. The names of the twelve are annexed below."

We find two methods for catching rats, each highly recommended. The first is complicated but inexpensive. Cover a common barrel with stiff, stout paper, tying the edge around the barrel; place a board so that the rats may have easy access to the top; sprinkle cheese parings or other "feed" for the rats on the paper for several days, until they begin to believe they have a right to their daily rations from this source. Then place in the bottom of the barrel a piece of rock about six or seven inches high, filling with water until only enough of it projects above the water for one rat to lodge upon. Now replace the paper, first cutting a cross in the middle, and the first rat that comes on the barrel-top goes through into the water and climbs on the rock. The paper comes back to place, and the second rat follows the first. Then begins a fight for the possession of the dry place on the stone, the noise of which attracts the rest, who share the same fate. The second method is recommended by a servant who was "experienced." She took a small quantity of old Bourbon whisky, made it sweet with sugar, crumbled in bread enough for the crowd, and set the dish in the cellar. A few hours after she went down, and found several rats gloriously fuddled, engaged throwing potato-parings, and hauling one another up to drink. These were easily disposed of; and those not killed left the premises immediately, suffering from a severe headache.

Those who do not believe in omens will enjoy a laugh over the following story; and those who *do* better pass it by, if they fear to have their faith disturbed: An old gentleman whose style was Germanized was asked what he thought of signs and omens.

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't pelieve averydings; but I dells you somedimes dere is some dings in sooch dings ash dose dings. Now de oder night I sits und reads mine newspaper, und mine frau she shpeak und say:

"'Fritz, de dog ish howling!'

"Vell, I don' dinks mooch of dem dings, und I goes on und reads mine paper, und mine frau she say:

"'Fritz, der is somedings pad is happen—de dog ish howling.'

"Und den I gets oop mit mineself und looks out troo de wines on de porch, und de moon was shinin, und mine leetle dog he shoomp right up and down like averydings, und he park at de moon, dat vas shine so bright ash never vas. Und ash I hauled mine het in de winder de old voman she says:

"'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish some pad ish happen. *De dog ish howlin.*'

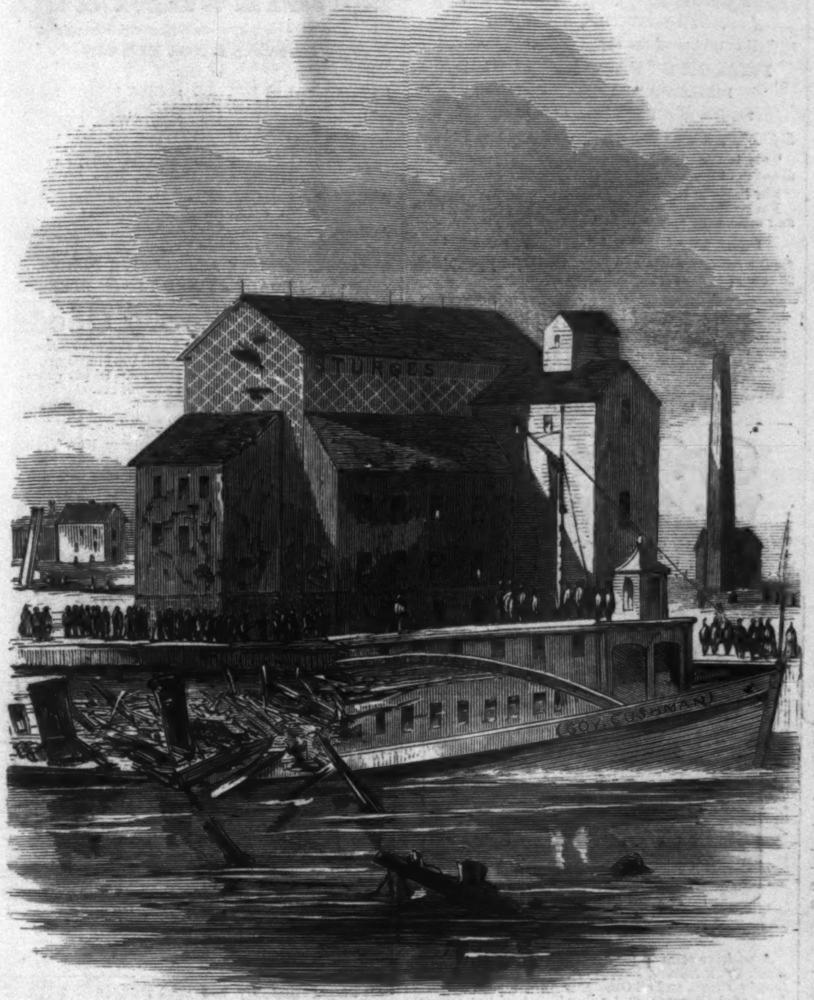
"Vell, I goes to pet und I shleeps, und all night long ven I vakes up dere vas dat dog howlin outside, und ven I dream I hear dat howlin vorser ash never. Und in de morning I kits oop and kits mine breakfast, und mine frau she looks at me und say werry solemn:

"'Fritz, dere ish somedings pad ish happen. De dog vas howl all night.'

"Und shoost den de newspaper come in, und I opens him—and by shings, vot you dinks! *dere vas a man died in Philadelphia!*"

WRECK OF THE AMERICAN SHIP "GENERAL GRANT" ON AUCKLAND ISLANDS, May 14, 1866.—[See Page 318.]

STREET AUCTION SCENE IN NEW YORK CITY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 318.]



EXPLOSION OF THE PROPELLER "GOVERNOR CUSHMAN," AT BUFFALO, N. Y., MAY 1.
[SKETCHED BY L. C. MIX.]

KING THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA IN WARRIOR'S COSTUME.

EXPLOSION AT BUFFALO.

THE propeller *Governor Cushman*, a vessel of 688 tons, running on Lake Erie, exploded her boiler in her dock at Buffalo, New York, on May 1, killing eleven persons, and wounding several others. The hull was badly shattered, and the vessel was rendered a complete wreck. The explosion was terrible in its effect, shaking the buildings for several blocks adjacent to the locality at which the disaster occurred. Its force was so great that one of the deck hands was hurled over a Sturgis elevator one hundred and fifty feet high. We give above an illustration of this terrible disaster.

KING THEODORE.

THE cable telegram, informing us of the success of the British expedition undertaken for the invasion of Abyssinia and the rescue of the English prisoners held by King THEODORE, also announces the death of this monarch. The first dispatch indicated that the King was slain in the defense of Magdala; but a later telegram represents that he fell by his own hand, after his defeat and the capture of his last strong-hold.

The character and career of King THEODORE were alike remarkable. Prior to 1850, or thereabouts, he was not known beyond his immediate personal circle. His original name was DEJATZ

RUINS OF THE OHIO FEMALE COLLEGE AT COLLEGE HILL, NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. WINDER, CINCINNATI.]

Kassai. He was born about the year 1821, in the province of Kuara. His father, a man of no distinction, but descended, it is said, from the royal line of Abyssinian princes, died when Theodore was very young. His mother, unable to support him, sent him to a convent, where he was educated and received his Christian name. Naturally ambitious and politic, he succeeded in time in getting into the service and winning the confidence of Ras Ali, the Chief of Debra-Tabor or Gondar, and the principal Chief of Abyssinia. Eventually Ras Ali sent him to govern certain provinces near Senaar, but placed the Queen above him as a safeguard. Kassai, or Theodore, on the first difference of opinion between himself and the Queen-mother, rebelled against her authority or interference, and in several battles defeated her troops. At the same time he declared his allegiance to Ras Ali, and presented himself in that chief's capital. In short, while fighting against the mother he continued to enjoy the confidence of the son, and finally married his daughter.

In 1852 he determined upon a *coup*, and being at the head of a large army he declared war against Ras Ali, and, defeating him and his allies in two pitched battles, at once deposed him. He then turned his attention to the minor chiefs, and proposed a National Council to determine the claims of himself and others to the succession. Finding that one of his rivals, named Ubye, Chief of Tigré, was likely to be elected, he made war upon him and defeated him. Finally, being successful over all his opponents, and having gained the support of the Church, he was in 1855 crowned Emperor under the title of "Theodoros, King of kings of Ethiopia." No sooner was he seated on the throne than he began to reform the administration of the country. He suppressed all feudal power; abolished the slave-trade; purchased Christian slaves from the Mohammedans in order to set them free; introduced decent dress into Abyssinian society; and set a good example to husbands by his conjugal fidelity.

The immediate cause of the late war appears to have been the failure of the English Government to reply to his letter to Queen Victoria, asking that the terms of an old treaty, by which the embassadors of each country were to be recognized by the other, should be enforced on the part of England. Theodore does not appear to have understood the nature of the circumlocution offices of England, and weary of waiting for a reply, and feeling insulted, he cast the British Consul, Mr. Cameron, into prison. A missionary named Stern had abused Theodore in a book, and he also was arrested. Subsequently other British subjects were arrested, including Mr. Rassam, who had been sent to negotiate for the release of the others. After exhausting all diplomatic resources to obtain from Theodore the release of the captives, the English Government last year declared war against Theodore. The war was chiefly carried on with the troops, European and native, which in India had become accustomed to the hot climate. The first English troops made their appearance in October, 1867; but it was not until the close of the year that the whole of the army arrived. The details of the war have been previously given in this journal. We propose here to give only the portrait and these facts about the dusky monarch.

STREET AUCTIONEERS.

That spring is once more upon us is clearly evinced by the fact that the street auctioneers have made their appearance in great numbers in the streets of New York. They are not the most musical and delightful heralds of the season; but we suppose that, like certain unsavory and unattractive animals, they have their use, and must be endured. As soon as the first balmy breath of spring makes the open air endurable, the street auctioneers, such as we portray on page 316, are found in the public places, eager to sell to crowds equally eager to be "sold." Our illustration is of a scene perfectly familiar to the denizens not only of New York but every city in the Union.

WRECK OF THE "GENERAL GRANT."

The daily papers for some time past have been filled with accounts of the Robinson Crusoe-like life led by the survivors of the wrecked ship *General Grant* in the South Pacific Ocean. It will be remembered that the vessel was wrecked on May 14, 1866, sixty-eight of the eighty-three passengers and crew perishing, while the remainder were cast upon an uninhabited island, where they lived for a year and a half, until rescued on November 21, 1867, by the brig *Amherst* of New Zealand. One man died on the island, and four, including Mr. Bartholomew Brown, the chief officer, were lost in a boat, in attempting to sail to New Zealand without chart or compass. Four passengers, all men, and the stewardess, Mrs. Jewell, were among those who survived, and were taken away by the *Amherst*. Many of the others were passengers from Australia, and mostly women and children. This is the *third* instance within the last four years of a shipwrecked party being obliged to pass many months on the Auckland Isles and being afterward rescued. The first case was that of Captain Musgrave and four sailors of the brig *Grafton*, who were cast ashore in that desolate archipelago in January, 1864, and escaped in July, 1865, by crossing the open sea in a small boat to Stewart Island, which lies south of New Zealand. The second instance was that of Captain Dalgarno and part of the crew of the *Invercauld*, who were living on the same island with those of the *Grafton*, but without knowing it, from May 10, 1864, to May 22, 1865. A year after their departure the wreck of the *General Grant* took place.

We are enabled to give in this Number of the *Weekly* an illustration of the wreck of the vessel. The facts of the wreck are hardly less curious than the life on the island. The vessel was becalmed and was drawn by a strong current into the mouth of a large cave, and literally battered to pieces against its sides, and by the falling rocks which were displaced by its masts. The wreck took place at night, and the boats left the ship in a sinking condition at daylight, as represented in our sketch on page 316.

OHIO FEMALE COLLEGE.

We give on page 317 an engraving of the ruins of one of the best known educational institutions in the West—the Ohio Female College, at College Hill, seven miles northwest of Cincinnati, Ohio. This college was founded in 1848. During the earlier years of its existence it experienced the vicissitudes of fortune too often characteristic of such institutions; but on the whole, and especially in more recent years, it has enjoyed an unusual degree of prosperity. On Thursday, April 23, the main edifice and the chapel were destroyed by fire. All the other buildings—seven in number—were saved, together with some twenty pianos, the organ, the college library, and a large portion of the furniture. The literary societies lost their libraries and furniture. The pupils and teachers, with the prompt aid of the citizens, succeeded in saving most of their effects. No one was seriously hurt. The exercises of the college will not be discontinued, as ample arrangements have been made by the Board of Trustees and the spirited citizens of the village for the accommodation of teachers and pupils. The property destroyed was insured to the amount of $45,000. The débris is being cleared away, and the trustees expect to have new buildings, on a larger scale, ready for occupancy by the opening of the next college year in September. The President of the Institution, Rev. James M. Anderson, having recently accepted the Professorship of Mathematics at Williams College, the trustees have elected Rev. N. C. Burt, of Cincinnati, as his successor.

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE AT CHICAGO.

The delegates of the Methodist Episcopal churches throughout the United States, and many special delegates from England, Ireland, and Canada, are now holding their fifteenth quadrennial Conference at Chicago, Illinois; and will be in session until the end of the present month. The Republican Convention meets in the same city on May 20, and thus it happens that Chicago will be the scene of the largest religious and one of the principal political gatherings of the year. We illustrate in this Number the assembled Conference; and shall in future Numbers fully illustrate the politicians in council.

The Conference met for organization on May 1 in the Clark Street Methodist Church. Bishops Morris, Scott, Ames, Janes, Clark, Thomson, Kingsley, and Simpson were present, together with about two hundred and fifty delegates. The latter are shown in our engraving seated in the front rows of seats, while visitors are represented in the rear. Among the delegates are those from some of the Southern churches not represented in 1864. Of the Southern delegates who applied for admission two were colored men; but at the time at which we write this the question of their admission had not been settled.

This Conference may be said to represent the whole Methodist family throughout the world, and is authorized to legislate for that part of it resident in the United States. The Methodist Church, according to the latest official figures attainable, numbers, exclusive of probationers, 3,309,729 members. Of this number 2,497,540 are resident in America; and 2,358,425 are members of the churches represented in the present Conference, and are resident in the United States. The Methodist Church, as is well known, has grown to be one of the most prominent branches of Protestantism throughout the world; the above figures reveal the fact that a great proportion of the members of the Church are resident in this country.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN. The *only reliable Remedy* for those *Brown Discolorations* on the face is PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. ☞ Sold every where.

FOR THOSE DISFIGURING DISEASES, Black Worms and Pimples on the Face, use PERRY'S COMEDONE and Pimple Remedy. Order from Druggist, or send to Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y.

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FOURTEENTH STREET, between AVENUES B and C, NEW YORK.

D. D. BADGER, President.

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Fire-proof Buildings of every description, and every kind of Iron Work for Building Purposes, also for Bridges.

SHAW'S CHEMICAL, ELECTRO, SILVER-PLATING FLUID makes worn-out plated ware as good as new. Samples sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents to pay for packing and postage. Address J. SHAW, Chemist, 30 Elm Street, Bridgeport, Conn. ☞ Agents wanted every where.

FRECKLES, PIMPLES, TAN,

MOTH-BLOTCHES, SUNBURN,

and all eruptions of the SKIN effectually removed by

PHALON'S "PAPHIAN LOTION."

PHALON'S "PAPHIAN LOTION"

renders the SKIN and COMPLEXION

SOFT, FAIR, and BLOOMING.

This is the only harmless and reliable remedy for diseases of the skin, and has been established 25 years.

For *ladies* in the *nursery* it is of great importance. For *gentlemen* after *shaving* it allays the smarting pain and makes the face delightfully cool and pleasant.

PHALON'S "PAPHIAN SOAP"

for the *toilet*, *nursery*, and *bath*, delightfully perfumed, 25 cents per cake. Sold every where.

"FLOR DE MAYO"
A NEW PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LARGE SIZE, PRICE $1 00.

AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE FOR THE PURIFYING OF THE BLOOD.
DR. J. W. POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR!

A positive remedy for all kinds of *Humor, Scrofula, Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Nettle Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Ulcers*, and all Obstinate Affections of the Skin; Mercurial Diseases, and every Taint of the System; *Dyspepsia*, and those diseases originating in the Derangement of the Digestive Organs, viz.: Bilious Complaints, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, Headache, Languor, Loss of Appetite, Depression of Spirits, and Costiveness. Prepared at the **NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT**, under the supervision of GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Boston, Mass.

Adam and his Curious Wife.

Had they not sinned,
We should have no hoop skirts,
Not even a waterfall;
No work for tailors,
No shoemakers or cobblers,
No churches, no schools,
No preachers or lawyers,
No United States,
No French Empire,
No British Lion,
No gold or silver,
Not even greenbacks;
No doctors to dose with drugs,
No grave-diggers;
No death, no pain—
Not even Wolcott's Pain Paint.

For Pain Paint ruins all Pills, all Plasters, all Soothing Syrups, and the whole cursed system of dosing the stomach. The manufacturers of these abominable compounds curse Dr. Wolcott and his Pain Paint as the cause of all their misery. But Dr. Wolcott keeps right on, regardless of the puppies snapping and snarling around him.

The people know that Pain Paint is a hundred years ahead of the worn-out trash that lies mouldering unsold in the drug stores, for Pain Paint can be proved at the moment of the most extreme distress, free of cost, at 170 Chatham Square, New York. It never colors or smarts, but reduces and cools inflammation, heat, and fever at the first application, and druggists sell ten times more Pain Paint than any other remedy. Get quart bottles; they hold sixteen one-dollar bottles, and cost only $8 apiece.

S. T.—1860.—X.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."
Whether to suffer with mental anguish,
Feverish lips, cracking pains, dyspeptic agonies,
And nameless bodily suffering;
Or whether, with sudden dash,
Seize a bottle of Plantation Bitters,
And, as Gunther swears, be myself a man again.
Gunther said my eyes were sallow,
My visage haggard, my breath tremendous bad,
My disposition troublesome—in fact,
He gently hinted I was fast becoming
Quite a nuisance.
Four bottles now beneath my vest have disappeared:
My food has relish, my appetite is keen,
My step elastic, my mind brilliant, and
Nine pounds avoirdupois is added to my weight.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

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For "MEN OF OUR TIMES;" or, Leading Patriots of the Day. An elegant octavo volume, richly illustrated with 18 beautiful Steel Engravings, and a portrait of the author,

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Agents say it is the best, and *sells the quickest of any book they ever sold.* Some are taking 200 orders per week. It will outsell "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We employ no general agents, but pay *extra* commission. Old agents will appreciate this item. Send for circulars giving full particulars. Address

I. D. DENISON, 208 Broadway, New York.

What we Love a Woman for;

The Secret of Success; That Horrid Little Fright; How to make Paper Flowers; How to make Skeleton Leaves; Potichomanie; Effects of Tea on the System; The Sergeant's Ghost, &c. See "MAPLE LEAVES," for May. Only 25 cents a year. Send Subscriptions to O. A. ROORBACH, 102 Nassau Street, New York.

A. T. STEWART & CO.

are receiving by each and every Steamer

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LATEST PARIS STYLES DRESS SILKS, DRESS SUIT MATERIALS, Paris-Made MANTILLAS, INDIA CAMEL'S HAIR SHAWLS, BRUSSELS POINTE LACES AND LACE GOODS, LADIES' and CHILDREN'S DRESSES, DRESS HATS, AND UNDER-GARMENTS, &c.;

ALEXANDRE'S CELEBRATED KID GLOVES IN NEW SHAPES AND COLORS;

And are constantly making Additions to all their Popular Stocks,

AT EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

BROADWAY AND TENTH STREET.

Imitation Ivory Goods.

Great Improvements made: 3 New Patents received.
MARTINGALE RINGS, $18 and $20 single gross.
SHEET BUTTONS, red, white, blue, $4 per gross.
BILLIARD BALLS, $9 and $10 per set.
CHECKS, $8, $10, and $12 per 100.
Also a great variety of Ivory, Pearl, and Gilt Sleeve Buttons, $18 to $150 per gross pair.
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2,500,000 Customers in Four Years.

Patronize the Best.

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in every instance, and also the best selection of goods ever offered at

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No other concern has any show wherever our agents are selling. Our motto. "Prompt and Reliable." Male and female agents wanted in city and country.

THE LADIES

are particularly requested to try our popular club system of selling all kinds of DRY and FANCY GOODS, DRESS PATTERNS, COTTON CLOTH, CASTORS, SILVER-PLATED GOODS, WATCHES, &c. (Established 1864.) A patent pen fountain and a check describing an article to be sold for a dollar, 10 cents; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10; sent by mail. Free presents to getter up, (*worth 50 per cent. more than those sent by any other concern*), according to size of club. Send us a trial club, or if not do not fail to send for a circular.

N.B.—Our sale should NOT be classed with New York dollar jewelry sales or bogus "Tea Companies," as it is nothing of the sort.

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The most popular Monthly in the world.—*New York Observer.*

It meets precisely the popular taste, furnishing a pleasing and instructing variety of reading for all.—*Zion's Herald, Boston.*

"A complete Pictorial History of the Times."

Harper's Weekly.

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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An Illustrated Weekly Journal of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the Magazine, each Volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume, sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the Weekly, each containing the Numbers for a Year, will be furnished for $7 00, freight paid by the Publishers.

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to pre-pay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the Magazine, Weekly, or Bazar will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription expires. Each periodical is stopped when the term of subscription closes. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

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The stomach is the ruling organ of the system. If the digestion is imperfect, every member, every gland, every muscle, every nerve and fibre is more or less out of order. All the fluids are depraved. The brain is clouded. The spirits are depressed. All dyspeptics *know* this to be the truth. It is not, however, half the truth. Columns would be required to enumerate the pains and penalties of dyspepsia, nor could any pen do them justice. Tens of thousands *feel* them; no man can *describe* them.

Can they be prevented? Can they be relieved? Can they be banished at once and forever? UNQUESTIONABLY THEY CAN. No dyspeptic has ever taken

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

in vain. Believe no one who says the complaint is incurable. This *great vegetable stomachic* will eradicate it—*is* eradicating it in thousands of cases over which medical practitioners have shaken their heads ominously, saying, "Nothing can be done."

The faculty has its fallacies. One of them is that indigestion is the most difficult of all the ordinary ailments of mankind to combat and subdue. This is a mistake. Nothing can be easier than to conquer it if the *true specific* be administered. This vegetable combination, which has become famous throughout the civilized world as HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, is an antidote to the disease which has never been known to fail, and fortunately it is every where procurable. If you wish to *fool* with the dyspepsia, try the pharmacopœia prescriptions. If you want to *root it out* and prevent its recurrence, take the Bitters daily. There is no discount on the testimony in its favor. If there is a man or woman who has ever tried it for indigestion without being benefited, the fact has not transpired. Universal, uncontradicted praise avouches its wonderful tonic virtues.

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ROMAN SCARFS AND TIES,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
AT POPULAR PRICES.

UNION ADAMS,
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Curls! Curls! Curls!

A sample of Prof. Butler's Magnetic CURLIQUE sent to any address free. Beautiful, luxuriant, flowing curls produced on the first application without injury to the Hair. This is the only reliable and harmless Hair Curler. All others are worthless imitations. Address for sample, JAMES S. BUTLER, No. 923 Broadway, New York City.

PARIS, 1867.

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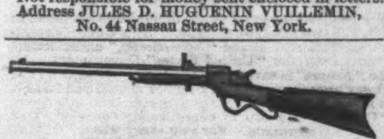
(The qualities and resemblance of this new metal are such, compared to gold, that even judges are deceived) and "ROSKOPF'S PATENTED PEOPLE'S WATCH."

The Improved Bronze Aluminium of which my watches are made is a metal differing entirely from any ever offered to the public. It has seriously occupied the attention of scientific men, and has not only called forth the eulogiums of the press in consequence of its peculiar properties, but has also obtained a Gold Medal at the Paris Exposition, and even been favorably noticed by rescript of His Holiness Pius IX., authorizing its use in the manufacturing of Church goods.

The qualities of this metal are such that it is surpassed by none, if we except gold itself, and that only on account of the intrinsic value of the latter. Further details will be found in my circular, which will be sent postpaid on demand.

My watches are made of three sizes, all hunting-cased—one small for ladies or lads, and two for gents. The movements are well finished, carefully put together by skillful workmen, and perfectly regulated. I can therefore warrant them excellent time-keepers. These goods being manufactured in my own factory, I am enabled to sell any of the above sizes at the extremely low price of $16 00. A full assortment of all kinds of chains always on hand.

Goods sent by express, C.O.D., with charges.
Not responsible for money sent enclosed in letters.
Address JULES D. HUGUENIN VUILLEMIN,
No. 44 Nassau Street, New York.



SOMETHING NEW.

The BALLARD BREECH-LOADING SHOT-GUN. This gun, so much called for, is now ready for delivery. Price, $35 00. Sent, securely packed, on receipt of price. Also the well-known BALLARD RIFLES, the Southerner Pistols, Eagle Revolvers. American Metallic Ammunition, all sizes. Superior quality. Send for circular. Address MERWIN, TAYLOR, & SIMPKINS, Sole Agents, 262 Broadway, New York. After May 1st, 285 Broadway.

P. S.—A full assortment of all goods in our line.

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We are Agents for over ONE HUNDRED Foreign and Domestic Manufacturers, and are prepared to furnish the whole country with DRY and FANCY GOODS, SILKS, SHAWLS, JEWELRY, SILVER-WARE, FURNITURE, PIANOS, SEWING MACHINES, &c., &c., at the uniform price of

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Send your clubs of ten and upward for descriptive checks, showing what article can be obtained for One Dollar, with ten cents for each check.

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Presents worth from $3 to $400 sent free of charge to agents sending clubs.

Agents wanted in every town.

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THE DOLLAR WATCH.—The Magnetic Pocket Time-Keeper and Compass, handsome case, glass crystal, white dial, steel and metal works, watch size, good order; will denote correct time. Warranted for two years. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Sent by mail for $1; 3 for $2, or by Express, C.O.D., on receipt of order. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

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HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,
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In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

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UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
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COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

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N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus or imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.

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AGENTS WANTED. $10 per day easily made.
Address PENCIL CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

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Plain and Ornamental Iron Work of all kinds for Buildings.

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4 SEWING MACHINE. 4

THE CELEBRATED $4 CHAMPION SEWING MACHINE is a glorious triumph. It is lately patented, and is entirely new and original. It stitches and embroiders beautifully, making the famous elastic Lock-Stitch. The ladies are in love with it, and agents make from $100 to $300 a month selling them. Every Machine warranted 5 years. For a sample machine and terms to agents inclose $4, and send at our risk if you register the letter. Address, in plain hand, M. LEWIS & CO., Manufacturers, office 149 Broadway, New York.

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Greatest Curiosity of the 19th Century.

WONDERFUL ELECTRIC FISH. It pleases all. By mail for 10c. and stamp; 3 for 25c. Address the inventor, NATHAN HALL, West Millbury, Mass.
☞ Agents wanted in every part of the world. ☜

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The Book of Wonders tells how to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made, and sold at large profits. Sent postpaid for 25 cents, by O. A. ROORBACH, No. 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

$4 EMPLOYMENT. $10.

HUNDREDS of Agents make from $5 to $10 per day in selling our PATENT EXTENSION REEL AND SWIFTS combined. Used in every family for winding Yarn, Silks, Worsted, &c. Winds full-sized skeins, and weighs less than one pound. Agents wanted. For terms, address
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$250 per Month guaranteed to Agents every where selling our *Patent Everlasting Metallic Clothes-Lines.* Write for Circulars to the American Wire Co., 75 William St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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FOR every hour's service, pleasant and honorable employment without risk. Desirable for all ladies, ministers, farmers, merchants, mechanics, soldiers, every body. C. W. JACKSON & CO., 58 Beaver Street, New York.

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Dr. Hudson's Anodinized Shark's Oil, for the instant relief of Deafness, Noises in the Head, Painful Discharges from the Ears, &c. Price $1 00. Address N. A. HUDSON, care Box 5023, New York.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

OROIDE CASES, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are in hunting cases made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent to any part of the United States by express. Money need not be sent with the order, as the bills can be paid when the goods are delivered by the express. Customers must pay ALL the express charges.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 37 and 39 Nassau St., N. Y., Opposite P. O. (up stairs).

☞ TO CLUBS.—Where SIX WATCHES are ordered at one time, we will send one Extra Watch, making SEVEN WATCHES FOR NINETY DOLLARS.

☞ CAUTION. Since our Oroide Watches have attained so high a reputation, and the demand for them has greatly increased, many persons are offering common and worthless watches for sale, representing them to be Oroide Watches, in some instances stating that they are our Agents. We will state most positively that we employ no Agents, and that no one else does or *can* make Oroide; consequently these representations are false. The genuine Oroide Watches can only be obtained by ordering directly from us.

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